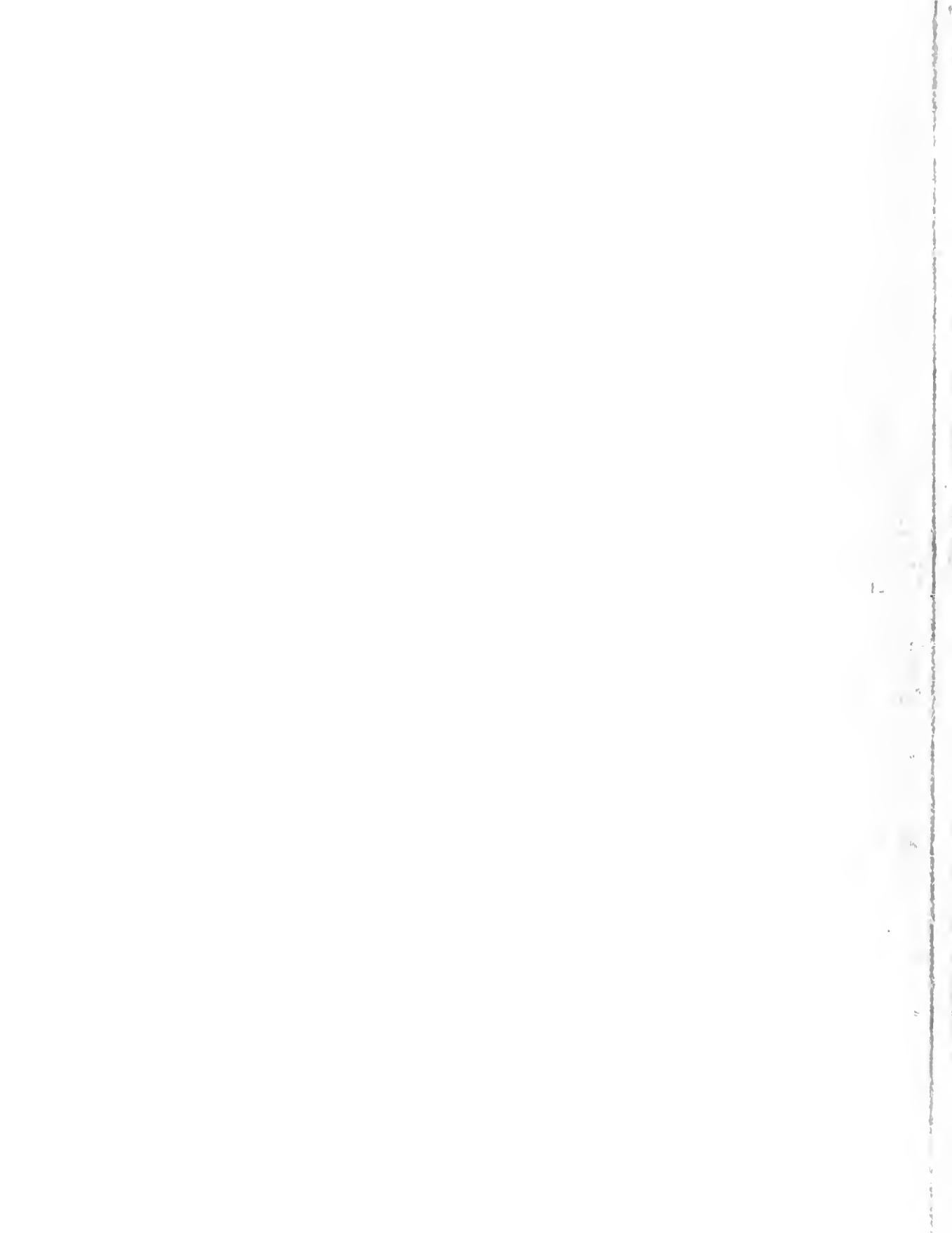


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F 3 E 7
1770

KEW, July 1770.

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Mr. Bellamy believes it unnecessary to trouble his Friends with a
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every Thing that may seem amiss.

The ODES and SONNET here presented to the Public were neither
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HAVE BEEN MOST HUMBLY PRESENTED,

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* T H E Q U E E N.

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July 1770.

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T H E
P R O P H E C Y:
An O D E.



QUA Nihil Majus, meliusve Terris
Fata donaveret, bonique Divi
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.

HORAT.

Than whom the Gods ne'er gave, or bounteous fate
To human kind a gift more good or great,
Nor from their treasures shall again unfold,
Though Time roll backward to his ancient gold.

FRANCIS.

O D E

T O

H E R M A J E S T Y;

WITH A COPY OF THE

E T H I C A M U S E M E N T S.

MOST HUMBLY PRESENTED

BY T H E E D I T O R.

I.

TREMBLING I wake the lyre ; for, ah ! what strain
What energy of sacred song
May speak HER merit ? — nor profane
. Blest CAROLETTA's name, so long
The joy of ev'ry heart, and theme of ev'ry tongue ?

*

Come

T H E P R O P H E C Y:

II.

Come GRATITUDE ! thou SERAPII rob'd in fire,
Sole Sovran of my passive mind,
Be thou my Muse ; and, oh, inspire
Thy raptur'd votary to find
Fit Eulogy for Her—THE FRIEND OF HUMAN KIND !

III.

As PARENT,—could'st thou paint her holy care,
Watching with all the *Charities* ;
As WIFE—a pattern for the Fair :
What boots the blazon with the wife ?
Who read Her commendation in a Monarch's eyes.

IV.

Her *Bounty*, like the golden font of day,
Could'st thou describe in numbers free,
Effusing wide its genial ray,
From greatness even down to —— me ;
Say, — what avails to prove what all confess, and see ?

V.

CÆCILIA now, SHE wakes the foul of song,
And gives the lyre to ecstasy ;
Now shines PENELOPE among
HER chosen female band, who ply
The needle's art, and fix the flow'r's perennial dye.

The

A N O D E.

VI.

The daughters of ingenuous Poverty,
(Such glories in HER annals shine)
Hence eat the bread of Industry;
Their manners with their art refine,
And emulate their QUEEN—A CHRISTIAN HEROINE!

VII.

Hence, ye Prophane!—Let no unhallow'd sight
Intrude upon her secret hour;
Her blue eye lifts its humid light
In frequent homage to that pow'r,
Who makes her Portion GEORGE, and Paradise her Dow'r.

VIII.

'Twas in the Reign of GEORGE THE GOOD,"—so *Fame*
To future ages shall report—
“ *Virtue* with CAROLETTA came,
“ And fix'd her residence at Court,
“ Then *Greatness* learn'd to lean on *Goodness* for support.

IX.

“ Blefs'd be that memorable Holiday
“ Which brought—see BRITAIN's Genius smile—
“ The *living treasure* o'er the sea,
“ T'enrich & dignify this Isle!
“ Sincerely Christian, then was Woman's highest style.

T H E P R O P H E C Y.

X.

“ Hence the true Ease of nuptial happiness,
“ Her fair example could restore ;
“ And hence shall future GEORGES bless
“ The world : and ALBION’s farthest shore
“ Sound CAROLETTA’s name, till time shall be no more.

XI.

Go Muse ! nor at the Throne acceptance fear,
Religion’s Heav’n-directed look
Makes all *Amyfement Ethic* there :
Ev’n Majesty thy song shall brook,
“ And from its meaning well, see merit in the Book.

KEW, May 10, 1768.

O D E

T O

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES;

WITH A COPY OF THE

E T H I C A M U S E M E N T S.

MOST HUMBLY PRESENTED

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

MOTHER of GEORGE!—an awful name,
Which late posterity shall bless,
When grateful BRITAIN shall enquire of Fame,
The source of all her happiness ;
And thro' a long illustrious Race,
Backward to thee the various Virtues trace.

II.

Ah, deign, all-gracious ! to receive,
(*Refuse* can render trifles dear)
Nor more the rich, nor more the great can give —
An offering from a heart sincere :
To Heav'n, alike accepted, come
The single heifer, and the hecatomb.

In solvent

A N O D E.

III.

Insolvent e'en in thanks till now,
The Muse would vindicate her right
To pay — 'tis all her feeble pow'rs allow,
One humble, tributary mite:
May that her *fealty* record !
And *thy* acceptance bland becomes her best reward.

IV.

If aught of moral good, or fair ;
If aught that dignifies man's breast,
Aright her imitative page declare ;
And all AUGUSTA stands confess :
To HER those happier lines of right belong,
For who inspires the Bard, perforce must take the Song.

V.

And thou, old THAMES ! whose sacred stream,
Calm, clear, majestically deep,
Resembles best my heart ennobling theme,
Say, as I trod thy flow'ry steep,
Did e'er ambition on my soul intrude,
Save to evince my FAITH, and glowing GRATITUDE ?

VI.

Enough for me, in some retreat,
Unheeded by the public eye,
To steal thro' life with noiseless pace, and eat
My bread with peace and privacy ;
Appease each hope, and fears tumultuous strife,
And read my duty in my SOVRAN's Life.

S O N N E T

T O

H I S R O Y A L H I G H N E S S

T H E P R I N C E O F W A L E S ;

W I T H A M . S . V E R S I O N O F

F E N E L O N ' S F A B L E S .

M O S T H U M B L Y P R E S E N T E D

B Y T H E E D I T O R.

I.

G EORGE, Prince of Wales ! Great Britain's dearest hope,
Round whom the winged sanctities of Heaven,
Ere wakes the *Bridegroom Sun*, to when a slope
He beams his western glory ; night and even,
Spread their sure panoply : — What shall a Bard
Of earth present, worthy that minds regard —
A CHARLOTTE's Pupil, and an Angel's Ward ?

Line 3. *Bridegroom Sun*, alluding to Phil. xix. 5.

— 7. *Angel's Ward*, alluding to St. Matthew xviii. 10.

And

S O N N E T.

II.

And yet — fond wish ! ev'n this *poor Book* may prove,
Should'st thou its merit by its meaning weigh,
How burns my bosom with respectful love,
And pants the debt of Gratitude to pay :
Admitted to that * SHRINE thy MOTHER gave —
— High place can Books, as well as Authors save —
One work of ours perchance, may triumph o'er the grave.

* An elegant Book-case presented by her Majesty, to his Royal Highness on his Birth-day 1768.

KEW, *August 12, 1769.*



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BY D. BELLAMY.

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DRYDEN.

F E N E L O N'S

T A L E S A N D F A B L E S.

F A B L E I.

The A D V E N T U R E S of A R I S T O N O U S.

SOFRONYMUS, having met with a long series of disappointments both at home and abroad, and being thereby reduced to the lowest ebb of fortune, sought consolation from his virtue in the Isle of *Dels*. There he tuned his golden lyre; there sang the wonders of the *Delian* God. He made his court there to the Muses, who proved as kind as they were fair. The wond'rous works of nature were the constant objects of his contemplation: there he studied the revolutions of the Heavens, and all the starry train, the beauteous order of the elements, the fabrick of the terrestrial globe, which he was ever measuring with his compass, the various qualities of plants, and structure of the brutal world;—but above all, in this retreat he pried with a more curious eye into himself; with pleasure reflected on his superior faculties, and practised all the virtues that adorn the soul. Thus dis-

treis did not debase his noble mind ; it only changed the scene, and gave him new glory by the alteration.

Whilst thus he lived poor, but content in his retirement ! he spied a venerable, grave old man, just landed on the Island. This stranger with surprize surveyed the sea-banks, well-knowing that the Isle once floated here and there : but fixed his eyes with more attention on that side, where the small hills, forever verdant, reared up their heads above the rocks. He thought he never could admire enough the chrystral springs, and rapid floods, that water this delightful country. Slowly he moved along towards the hallowed groves, which shade all round the temple of the God. He gazed with pleasure on those ever-greens, which the bleak north-winds durst not blast. With curious eyes he viewed the beauties of the temple ; its *Parian* marble, white as the new-fallen snow ; its stately pillars of solid jasper. SOPHRONYMUS, with equal curiosity, observed the good old man. His silver beard fell graceful on his breast. His face, tho' wrinkled, no ways was deformed. As yet, he knew none of the cares of age. His eyes were quick and lively ; his stature tall and majestic ; his years, however, made him decline a little ; and when he walked, he wore an ivory staff. SOPHRONYMUS approached, and thus addressed him : What is it, venerable sir, you seek for here ? You seem a perfect stranger to the place. If it is the temple of the God ; yonder it stands, and, if you please, I will conduct you thither. I reverence the Gods, and know my duty to a stranger.

The old Gentleman replied ; — with pleasure I accept your friendly offer. May the kind Gods reward your love to strangers ! Lead to the temple.—As they walked along, he told SOPHRONYMUS his adventures. My name, said he, is ARISTONÖUS : I was born at *Clazomene*, a town in *Ionia*, situate in that pleasant coast that advances towards the sea, and seems as if it joined the Isle of *Chios*,
the

the native country of immortal *Homer*. My parents, tho' poor, were both of an illustrious family. *Polistratus*, that was my father's name, being encumbered with too large a family, unkindly ordered a friend of his at *Tess* to expose me naked to the world, a tender, helpless infant. A charitable old woman of *Erythrea*, who lived hard by, commiserated my unhappy state, and reared me with goat's milk as her own. But as her circumstances were very narrow, when I was capable of service, she sold me to a merchant who conveyed me, as his slave, to *Lycia*. He sold me again at *Patara*—luckily for me—to *Alcinus*, a Gentleman of fortune and distinguished merit. This *Alcinus* was a second father to me in my youth. I was so happy as to be thought good-natured, sober, honest, well-inclined, and attentive to all good advice. By his direction I applied myself to *Apollo*'s favourite arts. Music and exercise were my amusements; but his healing faculty my chief regard. I soon made large improvements in that so necessary science; and assisted by the inspiration of the God, found out a thousand curious secrets. *Alcinus*, who still grew more indulgent as I advanced in years, well-pleased with the success of all his cares, made me a freeman, and sent me to *Damocles*, the King of *Lycaonia*; a Prince much given to luxury and ease, who made this life his care, and trembled at the thoughts of death. The monarch, to attach me to his interest, made me rich and great. *Damocles*, some few years after died. His son, incensed against me, by the instigation of some parasites about him, gave me a distaste to the pomp and grandeur of a court. In short, I had a strong inclination to revisit *Lycia*, where I had spent my younger years with so much satisfaction. I lived in hopes of seeing once again my patron, my foster-father, my benefactor. On my first arrival I heard the melancholy news that he was dead; that just before his decease he lost his whole estate, and suffered manfully the frowns of fortune,

and the cares of age. I visited his tomb, strewed flowers upon his venerable ashes, and bathed them with my tears. To perpetuate his memory, I ordered his character to be engraved upon the stone; and then enquired into his family-concerns. I was informed that *Orchilochus* was his only surviving son, who disdaining to live in penury, and in a cottage, where his father had before him lived in such grandeur and repute, was resolved to lead a solitary life in some far distant Island. *Orchilochus*, it seems, soon after was cast away upon the coast of *Carphatus*; so that the whole race of my dear friend and benefactor then was quite extinct. I determined immediately to purchase the estate, where formerly he lived in ease and plenty. With pleasure I surveyed the fruitful fields around, which brought to my remembrance pleasures past, and the dear image of my worthy master. I could scarce persuade myself but that I was young again, and gay, as when I served *Alcinus*. Soon as I had settled this purchase with his creditors, affairs, of a quite different nature, called me again to *Clazomene*. My father *Pelijrat-tus*, and *Phidiliis* my mother, were both dead. My restless, uneasy brothers, were forever at variance one with another. No sooner was I arrived at *Clazomene*, but I made myself known to them, in the tattered garb of a poor, miserable slave, overwhelmed with his misfortunes, and shewed the marks that infants generally bear, who are exposed as I was. They were nettled at this new discovery, nor wanted unexpected heirs to make their little less. They strenuously insisted, I was a bold impostor, and denied my right in open court. In return to this ungenerous, unnatural declaration, I publicly resigned my title, consented to be deemed a perfect stranger, and moved that they might equally disclaim their right in me. A decree was past accordingly; then I threw off the slave; discovered the treasure I had on board; assured them, that I was the same

ARISTO: ôus, who had long been the peculiar favourite of *Damocles*, the late King of *Lycania*, and that I never had been married.

My brothers soon repented of their coldness towards me, and hoping still in time to be my heirs, were obsequious to the last degree, and studied, but to no purpose, to oblige me. Their perpetual jars compelled them to expose that little they had left to public sale. I was the fairest purchaser; and they, with shame and deep reluctance, saw him legally possessed of all their father had, whose right to the least part, they had so publicly contested. In a short time, by their ill conduct, all grew miserably poor. But after I had humbled them, and made them feel my just resentment, I gave them large demonstrations of love and friendship. Freely I forgave them all; received them in my house; by proper presents, put it in their powers to trade abroad, and get estates. The family was all harmony; they and their children lived with me in perfect peace. They all esteemed me as their common parent. By this happy union, and their diligence and application, all became considerably rich. In the mean time, you see, old age knocks loudly at my door, covers my head with snow, furrows my face, and warns me that my healthful days are not of long duration. Once more, therefore, I determined, before this feeble lamp of life was quite extinguished, to revisit that favourite spot of ground, more dear to me than even my native country, that *Lycia*, where I studied to be wise and virtuous, under the kind guidance of my good old master. In my passage thither, I was credibly informed by a merchant of the *Cyclad Islands*, that one of *Orchilchus*'s sons still lived at *Delos*; and practised all the virtues of his god-like grand sire. Whereupon I immediately declined my intended voyage; and under the protection of the *Delian* God, arrived in safety on this happy Island, in hopes to find the dear remains of one, to whom I owe my life, my liberty, my all. My days are almost now spurned out to their full length:

length : the cruel *Parca*, fees to that downy rest which *Jove* be-fows so seldom upon mortals, will quickly cut the feeble thread ! O ! could these eyes but once behold the grandson of my dear, dear master, freely I'd press into Death's icy arms ! Speak then, O speak, my hospitable friend, have you ever heard of such a virtuous youth ? Can you direct me where to find him ? If you can, may the kind Gods reward you for the favour ! May they prolong your happy life, 'till your childrens' children dance upon your knees, and ask your blessing ! May peace and plenty, the best fruits of virtue, ever attend your numerous progeny ! At the close of this kind prayer of ARISTONÖUS, tears, fled from joy and grief, like kindly showers, flowed down SOPHRONYMUS's cheeks. His transport stopped the organs of his speech ; silent, he threw his arms around the old man's neck, embraced, and pressed him close : but at the last, words intermingled with sighs found out their way.—O ! venerable Sir, I am the youth you look for ;—I am the grandson of your friend *Aleinus*: and from the recital of your wond'rous story, am per-suaded, fully persuaded, that Heaven has sent you here to miti-gate my sorrows. Gratitude, which long since—like *Aftraea*—had forsook the world, is now returned in you. I had heard, indeed, when but a child, that a gentleman of fortune and distinguished merit, who lived in *Lycaenia*, had been educated by my grand-fa-ther : but as my father *Orechelus* died young, when I was a poor, helpless infant, you may imagine my ideas of those things were but confused. I was loth, on such weak motives, to go to *Lycaonia* ; I chose rather to continue here in quiet, alleviating my sorrows by a philosophical contempt of grandeur and magnificence, and an agreeable cultivation of the muses in the temple of *Apollo*. *Mis-er-ry*, who insinuates mankind, that nature is suffic'd with but a little, and that true happiness consists in a contented mind, has hitherto supported me, and amply made amends for all my losses.

SOPHRO-

SOPHRONYMUS, soon as he had spoke these words, finding himself before the temple-gate, proposed to ARISTONÖUS to enter in, and offer up their mutual prayers and praises to the *Delian* God. The proposal was approved; with awful reverence two lambs, white as the new-fallen snow, and a young heifer, with a crescent on his forehead, just between his horns, were laid upon the altar. There they hailed the God of Day; there in melodious numbers praised the sun, who, in his radiant orb, illuminates heaven and earth; who rolls around the year, makes all the arts and sciences his care, and animates the sacred nine. Their homage to the God thus paid, they spent the remnant of the day, alternately recounting their adventures. SOPHRONYMUS conducted to his house the good old man, and entertained him with the same respect as he would have shewn *Alcinus*, had he then been living. The day following both agreed to sail for *Lycia*. ARISTONÖUS led his companion into a fertile country, on the verdant borders of the river *Xanthus*, in whose transparent streams *Apollo*, wearied with the chace, and covered with dust, so frequently had plunged, and washed his golden locks. Willows and poplars stood in rows along the river side, within whose tender verdant boughs a thousand pretty birds concealed their nests, and warbled night and day. The river, falling from the summit of a rock, dashed down her noisy, foaming billows into a little channel paved with pebbles. A golden harvest covered all the plain. Fruit-trees and vines rose, like an amphitheatre, all round the little hills. There lavish nature had adorned the year; clear was the sky, serene the air, and the earth ready to produce her stores, with gratitude to crown the labours of the swain. As they advanced still higher up the river, SOPHRONYMUS perceived a little country seat, not gay, but regularly built. No marble pillars, no costly figures, wrought in silver, gold, or ivory, adorned the out-side; no purple furniture was seen within. Every thing, however, was neat,
clean,

clean, and convenient, tho' no ways ostentatious. In the middle of the court, a little fountain played its waters high, which, as they fell, formed a delightful rill, whose verdant banks were all enamelled with the gayest flowers. The gardens were but small, yet plentifully stored with various fruits and salutary plants. On each side of the garden was a pleasant grove, whose lofty trees seemed coetaneous with their mother earth: whose branches were so thick, so interwoven, that no sun-beams e'er could pierce them. They withdrew into a spacious parlour, and there refreshed themselves with such repast, as nature from the gardens had provided; wherein no costly foreign fruits were introduced, so often purchased, and so much admired in cities. They had milk in plenty; sweeter than that *Apollo*'s cattle yielded, when shepherd to *Admetus*. They had honey more delicious than the product of the *Sicilian* Bees in *Hibis*, or those of *Attica* on mount *Hymettus*. They had store of beans and pease, and various fruits before them but that moment gathered. Their wine, which was racked off from stately jars into small, well-wrought bowls, was of a finer flavour, and more racy than the nectar of the Gods. ARISTONÖUS, during this frugal, but delightful entertainment, would not sit down at table. At first, he made a thousand little excuses to conceal his modesty; but when at last SOPHRONYMUS was too importunate, he owned the cause: declared he could not make himself so free, and so familiar with the grandson of *Alcinus*, behind whose chair he had so many years attended in that very parlour. Here, Sir, said he, my good old master always dined; there he conversed with his familiar friends; there followed all his innocent diversions. *Hesiod* and *Homer* were his old companions here; and there, Sir, was his favourite bedroom. In friendly recollection of these various circumstances his tender heart began to melt, and tears ran trickling down his cheeks. After their repast was over, he conducted SOPHRONYMUS into the adjacent

adjacent meadows, to take a view of his large cattle, which ranged at will and lowed along the river. Then they surveyed his numerous flocks, as they returned from their fat pastures. The little wanton lambs played near the bleating ewes, whose udders swelled with milk. They found no servants idle ; all were industrious in their several vocations : work seemed a pleasure for so good a master ; one whom they loved so well ; and one, who sweetened all their labours.

ARISTONÖUS having now shewn SOPHRONYMUS his house, his slaves, his herds, his flocks, and fertile meadows, thus addressed him : With transport I behold you now possessed of what your ancestors enjoyed before you. Happy am I ! thus to have power to reinstate you on that very spot, where I so long had served the good *Alcinus*. Enjoy in peace that which long since was his. Make yourself happy, but be cautious ; and by your prudent conduct, may your decline of life be replete with better fortune than marked your venerable father's latter days.—Immediately he made the estate over to SOPHRONYMUS by a legal conveyance ; and declared he would disinherit such of his relations, as should ungratefully presume to dispute his title. ARISTONÖUS had still further favours to bestow. Before this deed of gift was executed, he furnished the house anew ; made it at all points decent and compleat ; without things gaudy and superfluous. The barns he stored with the rich treasures of the Goddesses *Ceres* ; the cellars with the choicest wines of *Chios*, neat and racy, fit to be served up at *Jove's* table by *Ganymede* or *Hebe*.—To these he added choice *Parmenian* wines, the honey of *Hymettus* and of *Hybla*, in large quantities ; and *Attic* oils almost as sweet, and of as fine a flavour. Moreover, he heaped up a boundless stock of the finest wool, white as unsullied snow, the treasures formerly of tender sheep that fed on the *Arcadian* mountains and *Sicilian* plains. With these valuable additions was the house made over to SOPHRONYMUS. He closed his bounty with a

specific legacy of fifty *Euboic* talents, reserving to his own relations his several estates in *Clazomene*, *Smyrna*, *Lebedos*, and *Colophon*; all of considerable value. ARISTONÖUS having thus settled his affairs to his entire satisfaction, reembarked on board his vessel, bound for *Ionia*. SOPHRONYMUS overwhelmed with such a flood of favors, waited on him to the ship; and as the tears ran trickling down his cheeks, with filial tenderness caressed him, and called him as they went along, his father. The winds proved favourable, and ARISTONÖUS soon arrived safe at home. None of his relations ever presumed to murmur at his bounty to SOPHRONYMUS. My friends, said he, I have now made my will; and thereby have declared, that all my effects, real and personal, without restriction, shall be sold, and given to the poor *Ionians*; in case any one of you hereafter shall dispute my free donation to the grandson of *Alcinus*. The good old man long lived in peace; long he enjoyed the good things of this life, which the kind Gods bestowed as the rewards of virtue. His age did not prevent him, once a year, from visiting SOPHRONYMUS at *Lycia*, and sacrificing on the tomb of good *Alcinus*, which he had decorated with new erections, and most curious carved work.—He by his will directed, that his body, after his decease, should be interred in the same tomb, that even in death he might embrace his master. SOPHRONYMUS, as each revolving spring came on, impatient to behold his friend, forever fixt his eyes upon the shore, in hopes to spy the bark, which at that season brought his dear ARISTONÖUS to his arms. Each year he had the pleasure to descry from far the wish'd-for vessel, ploughing the briny waves, and moving towards him. The distant prospect pleased him infinitely more than all the beauties which the spring can boast of, when the winter's rage abates:

This so much long'd-for ship one spring ne'er came at all. SOPHRONYMUS sigh'd from his inward soul. His secret anguish and distracting fears were legible upon his face.—Soft, downy sleep ne'er

ne'er closed his weary eye-lids. He had no relish for the most costly dainties. Restless he spent the tedious hours; each little noise alarmed him: his eyes were ever wand'ring towards the port, and he would every moment ask after the *Ionian* vessels.—One comes at last:—but oh!—no ARISTONÖUS was there.—Only his venerable ashes in a silver urn. *Amphicles*, an old gentleman, and bosom-friend of the deceased, his faithful executor, was the sole melancholy bearer.—When he first approached, SOPHRONYMUS had no words to tell his grief:—Both mingled sighs in a dumb scene of sorrow. SOPHRONYMUS first kissed the urn, then bathed it with his tears;—words—at last found out their way.—O thou venerable, good old man!—All the pleasures I e'er enjoyed flowed from thy bounty: now all my joy, my comfort, all that is left in life fleets after thee. These eyes shall never see thee more; death now would be thrice welcome, could I but fly to thee, attend thee in the *Elysian* fields, where thy blest shade enjoys eternal rest: and such pleasures as the Gods reserve for virtuous men. Thou hast brought back again, in these degenerate times, religion, justice and gratitude on earth. In these iron days, thou hast displayed the innocence and beauties of the golden age. The Gods, before they crowned thee with the glories of the just, granted thee length of happy days. But, alas! he, who deserves to be immortal, often dies the soonest. Thy verdant fields, thy flow'ry gardens, now have no charms for me; now thou art absent, every place seems desert. O blest shade! when shall I follow thee? ye dear remains! had you sensation, you would surely feel new pleasure in mingling with the ashes of *Alcinus*. Mine shall one day be mingled too with yours. Till that day comes, I shall with pious care lock up thy precious ashes. O! ARISTONÖUS! ARISTONÖUS! thou shalt never die: thy memory shall ever be imprinted on my heart. Sooner would I forget myself than such a friend, so virtuous a man, so bountiful a benefactor!

After this affectionate, tho' broken speech, SOPHRONYMUS performed the funeral rites, and placed the urn within his grandfire's

monument. He sacrificed whole hecatombs, whose blood ran like a torrent o'er the green-sward altars, which were raised all round the tomb. He poured forth large libations both of wine and milk. He burnt perfumes imported from the distant east, whose odorigerous clouds curled upwards to the skies. Forever after, by the appointment of SOPHRONYMUS, annual funeral games were celebrated in remembrance of *Alcinus*, and his virtuous friend. Spectators, in tribes innumerable, resorted thither from the fruitful plains of *Caria*; from the delightful banks of the *Meander*, which sports and plays along in many a winding wreath, and seems to quit the country, which it waters, with reluctance; from the gay, flow'ry banks of the *Caystra*; from the shores of rich *Pactolus*, under whose gentle waves roll golden sands; and from *Pamphylia*, to which *Pomona*, *Ceres* and *Flora* strive who shall be most indulgent; in fine, from the extended plains of fair *Cilicia*, as a garden watered with the torrent rolling impetuous down from *Taurus*, whose high head is ever silvered o'er with snow. During these annual rites, the nymphs and swains, drest in loose linnen robes, white as the fairest lilies, sang the eulogiums of *Alcinus* and his friend: there was no praising the one without the other; nor could they separate two men, whose union still cemented in the grave.

A miracle immediately succeeded: on the first day of celebration, whilst SOPHRONYMUS was pouring forth his large libations both of wine and milk, a myrtle of fragrant smell, and beauteous verdure shot from the middle of the tomb; all on a sudden, reared its tufted head, and with its interwoven boughs o'ershadowed both the urns. The whole assembly, with one voice, declared that ARISTONÖUS, as a reward of his uncommon virtues, was by the Gods transformed into this beauteous tree. SOPHRONYMUS, with pious care, watered this myrtle himself; revered it as a God. It seemed to flourish in immortal youth; and, by this miracle, the Gods instructed them that *Virtue, which diffuses such perfumes upon the memories of men is everlasting, and its own reward.*

F A B L E II.

The A D V E N T U R E S of MELESICHTON.

MELESICHTON was a native of *Megaris*, and a gentleman of an illustrious family in *Greece*. When young, the heroic actions of his ancestors took up all his thoughts; and he gave early demonstrations of his courage and conduct, in several bold and hazardous engagements: but as he was too fond of grandeur, his high and expensive way of living soon plunged him into a sea of troubles. He was obliged to fly with his wife PROXINÖE to a country-seat on the sea-shore, where they lived together in a profound solitude. PROXINÖE was a lady highly esteemed for her wit, courage, and stately deportment: many, who were in much better circumstances than MELESICHTON, made their addresses to her on account of her birth and beauty; but true merit alone made him the object of her choice. Tho' their virtue and friendship were inviolable, tho' *Hymen* for many years had never united a happier pair; yet their mutual attachment and affection proved now but an aggravation of their sorrows. MELESICHTON could have borne with less impatience the severest frowns of fortune, had he suffered alone, or without so tender a partner as PROXINÖE; and PROXINÖE with concern observed, that her presence augmented the pains of her MELESICHTON. Their sole comfort now arose from the reflection that heaven had blest them with two children, beauteous as the Graces: their son's name was *Melibœus*, and the daughter's *Pœminis*.

Melibœus

Melibœus was very active, strong, and courageous; in every gentleman-like exercise he excelled all the neighbouring youth. He ranged around the forests, and his arrows were as fatal and unerring as those of *Apollo*: however, the arts and sciences—those nobler rays of the deity—were more the objects of his contemplation, than his bow was his diversion. MELESICHTON, in his retirement, laid before him all the advantages of a liberal education, and imprinted on his mind, betimes, the love of virtue and good manners. *Melibœus*, in his air and mien, was unaffected, soft and engaging; yet his aspect was noble, bold, and commanded respect. His father cast his longing eyes upon him, and wept over him with a paternal fondness. PÖEMINIS was by the mother instructed with equal care, in all the various arts with which the Goddess *Minerva* has obliged mankind; and to those useful accomplishments were added the charms of music: *Orpheus* never sung, or touched his lyre more softly than *Poëminis*. At first sight she appeared like the young Goddess *Diana*, just risen from her native floating Island. Her silver tresses were tied with a careless air behind; whilst some few ringlets unconfin'd, played about her ivory neck at the breath of every gentle zephyr. Her dress was a thin loose gown, tucked up with a girdle, that she might move with the greater freedom. Without the advantage of dress, no nymph was ever so beautiful, so free from pride, so little conscious of her own charms. She was never so vain or curious as to examine her features in any transparent stream. The conduct and œconomy of the family was her whole employment. But MELESICHTON, whose thoughts were ever dark and gloomy, whose hopes of a return from his state of banishment were now all lost, sought every opportunity to be alone. The sight of PROXINÖE and his children now aggravated his sorrows: he would often steal out to the sea-shore at the foot of a large rock, full of tremendous caverns; and there awhile bemoan his wayward fate:

fate : from thence repair to a thick shady vale, where—even at mid-day—no sun-beam ever entered. There would he sit on the margin of a purling stream, and ruminate on all his ills. Soft, downy sleep ne'er closed his weary eye-lids ; his words all terminated in sighs ; old age before his time had furrowed all his face ; and unable to bear the storm, he grew negligent of life, and sunk under the weight of his misfortunes.

One day as he was reclined on a bank in his favourite, solitary vale, tired and fatigued with thought, he fell asleep ; and in a dream, saw the Goddess *Ceres*, crowned with golden sheaves, who approached him with an air of majesty and sweetnes :—“ Why, MELESICHTON, said she, art thou thus inconsolable ? Why art thou thus overwhelmed with thy fate ? ” “ Alas ! replied he, I am abandoned by my friends ; my estate lost ; law-suits and my creditors forever perplex me ; the thoughts of my birth, and the figure I have made in the world are all aggravations of my misery ; and to labor at the oar, like a galley-slave, for a bare subsistance, is an act too mean, and what my spirit never can comply with.”

“ Does nobility then, replied the Goddess, consist in affluence of fortune ? —No, MELESICHTON ; but in the heroic imitation of thy virtuous ancestors : The just man only is truly noble. Nature is sufficed with a little : enjoy that little with the sweat of thy brow : live free from dependance, and no man will be nobler than thyself.—Luxury and false ambition are the ruin of mankind.—If thou art destitute of the conveniences of life, who should better supply thee than thyself ? Be not terrified then at the thought of attaining them by the severest industry and application ? ”

She said ; and immediately presented him with a golden plough-share, and an horn of plenty. *Bacchus* next appeared, crowned with ivy, grasping his thyrsus in his hand, attended by *Pan*, playing on

on his rural pipe, while the fauns and satyrs danced to the melodious music. *Pomona* next advanced, laden with fruits, and *Flora*, drest in all her gayest, sweetest flowers. In short, all the rural deities cast a favourable eye on MELESICHTON.

He waked, fully convinced of the application and moral use he ought to make of this celestial dream. A dawn of comfort all on a sudden shot thro' his soul, and he found new inclinations rise to the labours of the plain. He communicated his dream with pleasure to the fair PROXINÖE, who rejoiced with him, and approved of his interpretation. The next day they lessened their retinue; the valet and waiting-woman were immediately discharged, and all their equipage and grandeur at once resigned. PROXINÖE with *Pœmenis* spun, while MELESICHTON and *Melibœus* tended their sheep,—and at convenient hours weaved their own cloth and stuffs, and cut out and contrived every thing to the best advantage for themselves and the rest of the family. All their fine needle-works—in which *Minerva* herself could never be more curious—were now no more regarded; and the glaring tent was resigned for the more advantageous distaff: their daily provisions were the product of their own ground, and drest with their own hands. They milked their own kine, which now began to supply them with plenty. They purchased nothing without doors. Every thing was got ready with decency and without hurry. Their food was substantial, plain, and natural; and enjoyed with that true relish, which is inseparable from temperance and hard labour.

In this rural manner they lived, and every thing was neat and decent round about them; all the costly tapistry was disposed of; yet the walls were perfectly white; no part of the house in the least disorder: none of the goods foiled with dust. The beds, tho' not of down, were clean, and proper for repose. The very furniture of the kitchen—which you shall seldom find in great families—

was

was bright as silver ; nothing stood out of its proper place. At times of public entertainment PROXINÖE made the best of pastry. She kept bees, whose honey was sweeter than that which trickled from the trunks of oaks that grew in the golden age. Her cows made her willing presents of large flowing bowls of milk. Her garden was plentifully stored with variety of plants for service and delight, in their proper season ; and by her peculiar industry and skill, she was the first of all her neighbours that could produce them in perfection : her collection of flowers likewise was very curious ; part of which she sold, after she had reserved a sufficient quantity for the ornament of her house. *Pöemini*s trod in the steps of her industrious mother ; she was ever cheerful at her work, and sang as she went along to pen her sheep. No neighbour's flock could rival hers ; no contagious distemper, no rav'rous wolves durst ever approach them ; her tender lambkins dance upon the plains to her melodious notes, whilst all the echoes round about with pleasure repeat the dying sounds.

MELESICHTON tilled his own grounds, drove his own plough, sowed his seed, and reaped his harvest with his own hand. He is now fully convinced, that the husbandman's life is less laborious, far more innocent and advantageous than the soldier's. No sooner had he cocked and got in his hay ; but *Ceres*, with her yellow fruits, invited him to the field, and with large interest repaid the debt she owed him. Soon after *Bacchus* supplied him with nectar, worthy the table of the Gods. *Minerva* too complimented him with the fruit of her favourite, salutary tree. Winter was the season for repose, when all the family met together were innocently gay, and thankful to the Gods, for all their harmless unambitious pleasures : they ate no flesh, but at their sacrifices, and their cattle never died but on their altars.

Melibœus was thoughtful and sedate beyond his years. He took on himself the whole care and management of the larger cattle ; hewed down large oaks in the forests ; dug aquaducts for the more commodious watering the meadows, and with indefatigable industry

would ease his father. His diversions, at proper seasons, were hunting and coursing with the young gentlemen, his neighbours ; or improving himself in his studies, of which MELESICHTON had laid the solid foundation.

In a little time, MELESICHTON, by a life thus led in simplicity and innocence, was in better circumstances than at first ; his house was stored with all the conveniences of life ; tho' there was nothing in it useless, or superfluous. The company he kept, for the most part, was within the compass of his own family : they lived together in perfect love and harmony, and contributed to each others happiness. Their humble residence was far from court, where pleasures bear so high a price ; their enjoyments were sweet, innocent, easy to be attained, and attended with no dangers in the pursuit. *Meliboeus* and *Pöeminis* were thus brought up, and inured to rural labours : thus their former characters served only to inspire them with greater courage, and make them easy under the frowns of fortune. The encrease of their stock introduced no new and luxurious course of life. Their diet was still as frugal as before, and their industry continued with equal vigour. MELESICHTON's friends now pressed him—since fortune once again had proved propitious—to resume his former post, and shine again in the busy world. To whom he replied : “ Shall I again give way to pride and luxury, the fatal cause of all my late misfortunes ; or shall I spend my future days in rural labours, which have not only made me rich again, but what is more, compleatly happy ? ”—To conclude,—one day he took a tour to his old solitary shade, where *Ceres* had thus kindly directed his conduct in a dream, and repos'd himself on the verdant grass, with as much serenity of mind, as before with confusion and despair. There he slept again ; again the Goddess *Ceres*, in the like gracious manner, approached, and thus addressed him. “ True nobility, MELESICHTON, consists in receiving no favours from any one, and bestowing them with a liberal hand on all.—Have your dependence on nothing but the fruitful bosom of the earth, and the works of your own hands. Never for luxury and empty shew resign that solid good which is the natural, and inexhaustible fountain of true happiness.”

F A B L E III.

A R I S T Æ U S A N D V I R G I L.

VIRGIL, soon after his descent to the infernal regions, came to the *Elysian* fields ; where the favourites of the Gods lived in perpetual bliss, on banks of never-dying flowers, amidst a thousand little purling streams. The shepherd ARISTÆUS, who was sitting amongst the Demy-gods, understanding who he was, immediately approached, and thus addressed him. The sight of so divine a Poet as you are, is pleasure inexpressible. Your verses, sir, flow softer than the dew upon the tender grafts ; so sweet, so harmonious are your numbers, they command our tears, and melt our hearts. Your tuneful songs on me, and my bees, might make e'en *Homer* jealous. To you I stand as much indebted for the honours that are paid me, as to the sun and to *Cyrene*. Not long ago I rehearsed some beautiful passages of yours to *Linus*, *Homer*, and *Heſiod*. No sooner had I finished, but all three drank large draughts of the river *Lethe* to forget them ; so painful was the recollection of another's verses, sweet as their own. The whole tribe of Poets, you know, are extremely jealous. Come, therefore, amongst them, and take posſession of your place.—Since they are so partially jealous, as you observe—replied VIRGIL—I shall not be over-delighted with the place. I must spend many a tedious hour in such company ; for I perceive, like your bees, they presently grow warm, and shew their resentment. 'Tis true, replied ARISTÆUS, like bees, they buzz, and like them too have their stings, and seek revenge on all that dare provoke them. There's another great man, I see, says VIRGIL, that I must endeavour to oblige too, the divine *Orpheus*, I mean ;—pray do you live ſocially together?—I cannot ſay we do, replied ARISTÆUS ; for he's as jealous of his wife, as the other three are of their compositions. But you need not fear

a civil reception there ; for you have used him with abundance of good manners, and have been much more prudent, much more favourable than *Ovid*, in your relation of his quarrel with the *Thracian* dames, to whose resentment he fell an unhappy victim. But we lose time ; let us enter this little sacred grotto, watered with so many fountains, clearer than the chrystral. Believe me, the whole sacred band will rise, and pay their due respects to you. Don't you already hear *Orpheus*'s tuneful lyre ? and *Linus*, who sings the combat of the Gods against the giants ? Don't you hear *Homer* too, singing the heroic actions of the great *Achilles* ; who slew the mighty *Hector*, to revenge the fall of his friend *Patroclus* ? But *Hesiod* is the Poet, whose displeasure you have most reason to dread ; for one of his sanguine complexion will be apt to take distaste at your admirable Treatise on Agriculture, which he imagines his peculiar province.

ARISTÆUS had no sooner finished his address, but they arrived at the refreshing shades, where an eternal transport reigns, which inspires these mighty heroes. All rose, and intreated VIRGIL to sit down, and repeat some of his favourite verses. At first he sang low, with a becoming modesty ; but at last, grew bolder, and spake with energy and transport. The most jealous of them all, even against their inclinations, were ravished at the music of his voice. *Orpheus*'s lyre, that had so often charmed the very rocks and woods, now dropt out of his hand, and bitter tears flowed down his cheeks. *Homer* forgot the inimitable majesty of his Iliad, and the beauteous variety of his Odysseys. *Linus* mistook his flowing verses for the composition of his father *Apollo*, and at the ravishing sounds stood speechless, and as immovable as a statue. *Hesiod* himself could not resist such powerful charms. At last, recollecting himself a little, he with much warmth and jealousy thus addressed him. O VIRGIL, thy works are more durable than monuments of brass or marble ! Yet still I prophesy the day will come, when a royal youth shall translate them into his native language, and shall share the honour with thee of having sung the conduct and œconomy of the bees.

F A B L E IV.

The S T O R Y of A L I B E G the P E R S I A N.

CHA-ABBAS, King of *Perſia*, under pretence of taking a tour, retired from court into the country, and concealed himself under the character of a private gentleman, in order to take an unsuspected survey of his subjects in all their native innocence and freedom. One favourite courtier alone had the honour to attend him in his travels. “ I have no right idea, says the monarch to “ his companion, of the simple, undisguised manners of mankind. “ Courtiers act all in masquerade. Crowned heads see nothing of “ nature : every transaction is artifice and design. I have a great “ inclination to pry into the ſecret pleasures of a country life, and “ examine that part of my ſubjects, who live retired, and neglected “ by the busy world, and yet are in reality the props of my crown ✓ “ and constitution. ’Tis a pain inexpressible to have none but sy- “ cophants about me, who embrace every opportunity, by their “ fulſome flatteries, if poſſible, to betray me. My resolution, therefore, “ is fixed to visit the ſhepherds, and other fellow-labourers of the “ plains, to whom I ſhall be a perfect ſtranger.” Thus determined, he and his companion paſt thro’ ſeveral villages, where the nymphs and swains were assembled, to ſpend the day in rural ſports; and his maſteſty was extremely pleased to find ſuch agreeable diuerſions, ſo remote from court, ſo innocent and inexpensive. He dined in one of their cottages, and having walked ſomething farther than uſual,

usual, and created himself an appetite, their coarse country diet proved a more agreeable entertainment than the vast variety of costly dainties at his own table. As he was walking over a meadow, enamelled with a thousand various flowers, and watered with a clear, murmuring stream, he spied a young, gay swain, reclined at the foot of a shady elm, and playing on his rural pipe, whilst his tender flock stood grazing round him, and listened to his soft melodious notes. The monarch approached, looked earnestly at him, and was pleased with his agreeable aspect, his easy, unaffected air, which yet was graceful and majestic. His shepherd's dress added new charms to his beauty. The King, at first, fancied he was some discontented courtier in disguise; nor was convinced of his error, 'till the shepherd told him his name was ALIBEG, and that all his relations lived in the adjacent village. Whilst his majesty proposed to him several questions, he was exceedingly delighted with his pertinent and ready solutions. ALIBEG's eyes were lively and sparkling; but not in the least wild or roving: his voice soft, engaging and musical. His features were small and beautiful; but not soft and effeminate. Tho' sixteen years of age, he had no idea of his own superior perfections. He imagined all his neighbours thought and talked as he did; and that nature had been as indulgent to them in their formation, as to himself.—Without the advantages of a liberal education, he directed his conduct by the dictates of right reason. The King, after some few familiarities, was charmed with his conversation. ALIBEG gave him a true and impartial account of the state and constitution of the people; a secret, Kings can never learn amidst a crowd of flatterers. Now and then his majesty would smile at ALIBEG's expressions, which were so natural, so open and unguarded. It was an agreeable novelty to the King to hear such free, such unstudied discourses. The monarch beckoned to his friend, and gave him private intimations not to discover

discover who he was, lest ALIBEG, apprized of such a secret, should be over-awed, and talk for the future with more reserve ; and so at once lose all the beauties which freedom naturally gives to conversation. I am now fully convinced, said his majesty to his companion, that nature appears as beautiful in the cottage as the palace. No heir apparent to the crown seems nobler born than this youth, who thus daily tends his harmless flock. How happy should CHA-ABBAS be, had he a son, so beautiful, so prudent, and so much the object of love and admiration ! In my opinion, he may be qualified for the highest employments, and with proper instruction may become an able minister of state. I'll take him home with me, and give him a liberal education. The King accordingly at his return took ALIBEG with him, as a new attendant,—ALIBEG was agreeably surprized to find his conversation had proved so acceptable to a monarch. Soon after their arrival, proper masters were appointed, first to instruct him in reading, writing, singing and dancing ; and afterwards, in the severer studies of the arts and sciences, which cultivate the mind. At first, the grandeur of a court made too deep an impression on his heart, and his constitution varied with his advancement. His youth and reputation at court gave a new turn to his judgment and moderation. He flung away his crook, his pipe, and shepherd's weeds, and drest himself in a purple vest richly embroidered with gold ; he wore likewise a turbant on his head, set round with costly jewels. The most beautiful, the gayest courter, served only as a foil to ALIBEG. By industry and application he qualified himself for the most important undertakings, and well deserved the trust his master reposed in him ; who, sensible of ALIBEG's refined taste for grandeur, and magnificence, made him his jewel-keeper, or treasurer of his most costly furniture ; one of the most considerable posts in all *Perſia*.

During the whole reign of CHA-ABBAS, ALIBEG was a rising favourite :

favourite : but as he grew in years, he grew less gay, and often reflected with regret on his former happy state of life. " Happy days ! he would often whisper to himself, O days of innocence ! Then were all my enjoyments chaste, attended with no dangers in the pursuit ! I never did, nor ever shall see days so blessed again. His majesty, by his royal bounty and munificence, has but undone me." ALIBEG once more paid a visit to his native village ; once more observed with curious eye, as he passed along, where formerly he danced and sang, and piped with his brother swains. He made several valuable presents to his friends and relations round about ; but advised them, as they regarded their future welfare, to shun the dangers that attend ambition, and spend their happy days in ease and innocence.

ALIBEG, soon after the death of his indulgent master CHA-AB-BAS, was plunged in a sea of troubles. CHA-SEFI succeeded his father in the throne of *Perſia*. Some jealous, designing courtiers projected the downfal of ALIBEG, and agreed to misrepresent him to the young monarch. They charged him as guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors ; with being false to the trust reposed in him by the late King ; with clandestinely disposing of several rich moveables in the treasury, and applying the same to his own private use. CHA-SEFI, ascending the throne of his father very young, was perfectly credulous, regardless of right or wrong, and a prince of but small penetration. However, he was so vain as to imagine his wisdom superior to his predecessors, and that he could reform the state. In order to remove ALIBEG from his post with some colour of justice—pursuant to the advice of his envious council—he required him to produce forthwith the scymitar, set round with costly jewels, which his warlike grandsire always wore in the field of battle. CHA-ABBAS had formerly ordered all those jewels to be removed ; and ALIBEG brought indisputable proof of his innocence, and

and of their being disposed of, in obedience to the absolute commands of his father, long before he had the honour of that important trust. When ALIBEG's enemies found this scheme to ruin him proved ineffectual, they prevailed on CHA-SEFI to oblige him to produce an exact inventory of all the valuable furniture in the treasury then in his custody, within fifteen days, on pain of displeasure. Accordingly he did ; and at the expiration of the term CHA-SEFI was so curious as to examine every individual article himself. ALIBEG opened every closet and cabinet, and concealed nothing that was committed to his care. There was no one item missing ; the office was every where clean, and in perfect order, and the regalia closely locked up in their proper repositories. The young King surprised to find his treasury managed with such good conduct and œconomy, had entertained a very favourable opinion of ALIBEG, but that accidentally he observed—at the end of a long gallery, full of the richest furniture—a private iron-door, on which were three substantial locks. There, Sir, said ALIBEG's accusers, whispering him in the ear, there you'll find the royal plunder. CHA-SEFI enraged, and looking sternly on ALIBEG, cried aloud, “ This moment will I see what is within these doors.—What have you concealed there ?—I charge you shew me.” ALIBEG fell prostrate at the King's feet, and implored his majesty, in the awful name of the Gods, not to deprive him of all he valued upon earth.—“ O ! think ! how unreasonable it is—says he—at once to seize my last reserve for old age, after having served your royal father faithfully so many years. Leave me but that ; all that I have besides, I willingly resign.” CHA-SEFI now was fully convinced that ALIBEG was guilty ; and that there lay concealed the royal treasure. Now more angry than before, and in louder terms, he demands the doors to be unlocked. At last ALIBEG produced the keys, and smiling, obeyed his orders. Upon examination, nothing was found but ALIBEG's crook, his pipe, and the dress he wore before his advancement,

ment, which he frequently surveyed with pleasure, to remind him of his first state of innocence. “ Behold ! said he, O King, there lie “ the valuable remains of my former felicity. It is not in the power “ of your majesty, or fortune herself to take them from me. There, “ royal Sir, is all the treasure I have reserved to make me rich, “ when your displeasure shall sink me into poverty. The rest I give “ you back without regret ; leave your servant but the dear pledges “ of his first happy station. These, royal Sir, are durable riches ; “ these never will deceive me. Riches ! that are natural, innocent, “ and forever grateful to the wise man that lives content with the “ conveniences of life, and shuns the fatal charms of false ambition. “ Riches ! that are enjoyed without the loss of liberty, and free “ from dangers. These never procured any man one moment’s “ disquiet. O ! ye dear equipage of the plain, but happy man ! “ you only I admire ; with you I’ll live and die. O ! why was I “ charmed with golden prospects that have deceived me, and ruined “ my content ! Here, O King, I freely resign all the favours your “ goodness has conferred upon me. I’ll only reserve to myself what “ I had, when first your father saw me, and by his boundless libe- “ rality undid me.” The King, at the close of this address, was fully convinced of ALIBEG’s innocence and good conduct ; and so far resented the villainy of his unjust and envious accusers, that he banished them his court. ALIBEG soon after was made prime minister ; and entrusted with the most important affairs of the slate ; however, every day he still surveyed his rural equipage, and kept them safe in his repository to be ready at a time of need, whenever fickle fortune should again prove impropitious. He died in a good old age, without gratifying his revenge on his enemies, tho’ in his power, and without laying up immense sums to enrich his posterity. He left his relations but just sufficient to maintain themselves with credit in the station of shepherds, a situation of all others, in his opinion, most free from care, and most completely happy.

F A B L E V.

R O S I M O N D A N D B R A M I N T E S.

IN antient times, there was a youth, fair as the day, named ROSIMOND, whose virtue and good-humour were found equal to his beauty ; his elder brother BRAMINTES was his reverse, and as much nature's disgrace, as ROSIMOND her master-piece. The younger was the mother's darling ; the elder her aversion. BRAMINTES, jealous of her favours, invented a thousand lies, if possible to ruin ROSIMOND. He told his father, that his brother had contracted an inviolable friendship with a neighbour, who was his professed enemy ; that he revealed all the secrets of the family ; and that they two concerted measures by poison to destroy him. The father, alarmed at this impious accusation, treated ROSIMOND with the utmost inhumanity ; his cruelty extended even to blows that caused the blood to gush at every vein ; and then confined him to his chamber for three days successively, without the least subsistence ; and at last, drove him headlong from his doors, with dreadful imprecations that he would murder him the moment he returned. The mother, trembling at this strange severity, durst not interpose ; but sighed, and pitied his misfortunes. Poor ROSIMOND, thus discarded, departs from home in a flood of tears ; and knowing no friend that would receive him, in the evening traverses a lonely wood. When night came on, he found himself at the foot of a large rock ;—at the entrance of one of the caverns, he laid himself down on a mossy bank, near which rolled gently a purling stream,

and tired with thought, fell fast asleep. Soon as the dawning day appeared, he waked, and before his eyes—lo! a beauteous virgin stood—drest like *Diana*,—mounted on a grey courser, whose furniture was embroidered with gold. Pray, shepherd, said she, have you seen stag or dogs pass by this way? No, none at all—was his reply.—Friend, said she, you look disconsolate—tell me your misfortunes freely.—Be comforted; behold! I here present you with a ring, which, if you use with discretion, will make you the most powerful, the most happy man on earth. Turn but the diamond within your hand, and in a moment you'll be invisible. Turn it but without, and you'll be visible again. When you fix it on your little finger, you'll personate the King's son, attended by a numerous train of courtiers. Remove it again to your next, and you'll assume your proper shape. The youth now understood that his fair huntress was a fairy. Soon as she had thus revealed its secret virtues, she struck into the grove. ROSIMOND resolves immediately to return home, and is impatient till he has made the experiment. He saw every transaction, and was privy to every secret, without the least observance. Tho' he could have gratified his revenge, without discovery, on his ungrateful brother; yet he only chose to make himself known to his indulgent mother, with filial affection to embrace her, and tell her his strange adventure. Soon after this private interview, he put his magic ring on his little finger, and in a moment personated the young prince, followed by an hundred horse-guards, and a numerous train of officers, all gayly dressed. The father was confounded, to find his little cottage so much honoured, and wholly at a loss how to behave himself on such an unexpected visit.—Pray, says ROSIMOND, how many sons have you friend? Two, sir, replied the old man. Let me see them, says ROSIMOND: Call them to me this moment. I'll take them with me to court, and advance them according to their merit. The conscious

conscious father, with hesitation, replied ; This, sir, is my eldest, with all submission, at your service. But where's your youngest, says ROSIMOND ? I must take him with me too. Sir, says the old man, the unlucky lad is not at home. I corrected him some time ago for his undutiful behaviour, and have never seen him since. Severity, replied ROSIMOND , is a false step in education. Let your eldest son, however, follow me ; go you, friend, along with my guards, who have my orders to take care of you. Two guards immediately conveyed the old man away ; and the same Fairy we mentioned before, meeting him in a forest, struck him with her golden wand, drove him into a gloomy cave, and there confined him by her magic art. Do penance there, said she, 'till your injured son shall think proper to release you. In the mean time ROSIMOND went to court, soon after the young prince had embarked with proper forces for a distant island, in hopes by conquest to extend his father's empire ; but being drove by adverse winds upon an unknown coast, his vessel bulged upon a rock, and he became the unhappy captive of the barbarous inhabitants. ROSIMOND appeared at court, as the King's son, whom all imagined to be buried in the bosom of the ocean, and whose untimely loss was universally lamented. He pretended, that he had inevitably perished, had not some friendly merchants took compassion on his misfortunes, and preserved him. Joy sat on every face. The good old King folded his son, whom he thought dead, within his eager arms, whilst transport stopped the organs of his speech. The Queen received him with still softer demonstrations of fondness and indulgence.—In short, the whole kingdom was engaged in public rejoicings on this happy occasion. One day, our imaginary prince thus bespoke his real brother. BRAMINTES, notwithstanding I have raised you from the cottage to the palace ; yet I know you base—ungenerous ;—nay more, I know that by malicious misrepresentations you have injured your brother,

brother. He is now incognito at court. You shall see him ; and he shall have an opportunity to shew his just resentment. BRAMINTES trembling with conscious guilt, threw himself at the Prince's feet, and confessed his ingratitude. Notwithstanding this submission, I charge you, speak to your brother, and in the humblest manner solicit his pardon. 'Twill be an act of generosity in him to grant it. You do not deserve so much indulgence. He is now in my closet ; you shall have an interview immediately. In the mean time I'll withdraw to the next apartment, and leave you to yourselves. BRAMINTES, in compliance with the prince's positive commands, attended in the closet. Immediately ROSIMOND reassumed his shape, by virtue of his ring, and thro' a back door waited on his brother, who stood speechless and confounded, when he first saw him. But soon recollecting himself, begged his pardon, with large promises of future love and friendship. ROSIMOND, with tears, embraced and forgave him. I have the honour, says he, to be the prince's peculiar favourite. Your liberty, your life is in my hands : but you shall find, tho' much you've wronged me, I'll be a brother still. BRAMINTES, conscious of guilt, with downcast eyes, and due submission, answered ; but dared not claim the title of relation. Soon after ROSIMOND pretended to withdraw from court, and pay his addresses to a neighb'rинг princess ; but his secret intention was to visit his poor mother, to tell her minutely his transactions, and to present her with a small purse of gold, to supply her present occasions. For tho' the King's treasury was ever open to his demands ; yet he always used that boundless liberty, with amazing prudence and moderation. In the mean time the old King proclaimed war against a neighb'rинг prince, on whose honour there could be no dependance. ROSIMOND went to the enemy's court, and by virtue of his magic ring, entered invisibly into their most privy-councils. He improved all their schemes to his

his own advantage. He got the start of them, and broke all their measures; commanded the army against them; gained a compleat victory over them; and soon after settled an honourable peace, on the most advantageous terms. The King now determines to make a new alliance, by marrying his supposed victorious son, with a princess, fair as the Graces, and heiress of a neighb'ring kingdom. But one day, ROSIMOND's guardian fairy, as he was hunting in the forest, where first she met him, appeared to him a second time. Presume not, I charge you, says she—with a solemn tone—to marry this royal beauty, in your assumed character. To deceive is mean and dishonourable. The prince, whom you personate, ought in justice to fill in proper time his father's throne. Haste then, and find him; he lies concealed in a far distant island: I'll be your guardian, and conduct your vessel safe to port. Bid adieu to all the vanity of false ambition: be proud to serve so good a master, and, like an honest man, sit down contented with your private station. These are my positive injunctions, and justice demands your obedience: Your neglect will raise my resentment, and plunge you into all your former troubles. ROSIMOND readily complied with her wise advice. He embarked immediately, under colour of a private negotiation with a neighb'ring state, and the partial winds soon wasted his vessel to the destined shore. Our young prince was there the captive of the barbarous inhabitants, and employed to tend their cattle. The invisible ROSIMOND soon found him in a distant meadow; and throwing his cloak, as invisible as himself, over his shoulders, without the least observance, restored him to his native freedom. They both set sail together. New winds, obedient to the fairy's call, wafted them home. They soon arrived at the old King's apartment. ROSIMOND introduced the royal captive, and thus address'd his father. Your majesty has hitherto imagined me to be your son; yet now I hold myself obliged to undeceive you: from my hands receive your royal heir. The King, greatly surprized, directed his discourse to his real son. Was it not you, my son, who lately triumphed

triumphed o'er our foes, and settled such a glorious peace ? Or hast thou, tell me true, been ship-wrecked on some distant coast, been taken by the savage brutes a captive, and dost thou owe thy life and liberty to this gracious youth ?—Yes, royal Sir, he generously came where I was made a slave :—it was he redeemed me : To him I am indebted for my restoration, and this happy meeting. To him, not me, belongs the honour due to your victorious arms. The King would have remained incredulous to his son's assertion ; but that ROSIMOND, by a new disposition of his ring, assumed the prince before him. The King was startled at the sudden metamorphosis, and knew not which to call his son. Not long after, the King would have loaded ROSIMOND with royal rewards for his distinguished love and loyalty ; all which he modestly refused, and only requested that his brother BRAMINTES might still be honoured with his favour. As for himself, he was fearful of the inconstancy of fortune, the frowns of an ill-natured world, and too conscious of his own demerits. He hoped, therefore, that his royal goodness would permit him to retire to his own country cottage, and spend the remainder of his days with his indulgent mother, in innocence and rural labours. The Fairy now met him a third time in the grove, shewed him the cavern where his father lay enchanted, and told him the proper magic terms that would release him. With filial piety he broke the charm. He waited with impatience for this opportunity of shewing his duty, and putting it in his father's power to spend his future days in peace and plenty. ROSIMOND, in short, was a generous benefactor to all his relations, and studied to do good for evil. Thus after his signal services for his King and country, the only favour that he requested, was the liberty to live retired, far from the reigning vices of the court. ROSIMOND wisely feared his magic gift might tempt him to resign his solitude, and make once more a figure in the busy world. He returned therefore to his favourite wood, and daily visited the happy cave, where first he saw his guardian-fairy, in hopes of the same honour once again.

short time, she obliged him with her presence ; and he, with modesty, returned her magic ring. “ Here, madam, says he, I thankfully restore you back your inestimable, tho’ dangerous present—“ which, unless with prudence used, must soon prove fatal to its “ owner. I durst not trust to my own conduct, whilst I have it in “ my power to quit my rural innocence, and gratify at pleasure “ lawless passions.”

Whilst ROSIMOND was thus resigning all his grandeur, BRAMINTES, still as ungenerous, still as vicious as before, endeavoured, by false insinuations to prevail on the young prince, now in possession of his father’s throne, to humble ROSIMOND. Your brother—says the Fairy to ROSIMOND—is incorrigible ; he aims to bring your past conduct into question, and undo you. No punishment is equal to his demerits. His fate is sealed.—I’ll go this moment, and give him this ring, which you have resigned. ROSIMOND, reflecting on the fatal consequence—wept. Then, turning to the Fairy : What horrid punishment, said he, will such a dangerous present be to him ? He will then rule absolute, and every honest man will fall a victim to his power. Your remark is just—replied the Fairy.—The same medicine may be applied with good effect to one constitution, that will infallibly destroy another. The prosperity of the wicked is the sure foundation of all their future miseries. The villain, flushed with arbitrary power, like *Phaëton*, drives headlong to his ruin.—She vanished ; and in the form of an old tattered beggar, appeared at court, when meeting the gay BRAMINTES, she thus addressed him. “ The “ ring, sir, which I gave your brother, and by which alone he raised “ his fortune, is once again in my disposal. For you I have reserved “ the valuable present ; be cautious of the power it gives you.” BRAMINTES, smiling, replied ; “ My brother’s conduct shall be no “ rule to me ; I ne’er shall search, like him, through foreign climes, “ to find an heir, when I can fill the throne myself.” BRAMINTES, invested with this magic ring, pries into every private family’s concerns, acts every day the traitor ; betrays the counsels of his master, plunders his subjects, drinks deep of sensual pleasures, and makes even

murder his diversion. His crimes, tho' invisible, startled all mankind. The King could not imagine which way his secrets could be made so public ; but the pride and boundless profusion of BRAMINTES gave room for suspicion that his brother's ring was now in his possession. A foreigner, subject to a prince of an enemy nation, was employed, by high bribes, to make the discovery. This hireling went accordingly to BRAMINTES one night, and made him an offer, in the name of his master, of vast sums of money, and other demonstrations of friendship, if he, by proper spies, would give him secret intelligence of what past at court. BRAMINTES accepted of the terms, and met at the place appointed ; where he received a large gratuity as an encouragement to pursue so important an undertaking. Amongst other exaltations of his own merit, he made his boast of his invisible ring. The next day, he was taken into custody by one of the King's messengers. The ring, and several treasonable papers were found upon him, which were undeniable evidences of his guilt. —ROSIMOND made all the interest at court he possibly could, to save his life, but to no purpose. BRAMINTES was executed as a traitor ; and thus his magic ring proved a greater curse to him, than before it had been a blessing to his brother.

The King, to make ROSIMOND some recompence for the loss of so near a relation, returned him his ring, as a treasure of inestimable value. The disconsolate ROSIMOND was of another opinion. He went again to the grove, to find out his guardian Fairy. Here, madam, says he, once more take back your ring. My brother's fate is now a full conviction of the truth you told me, tho' before, I could not rightly comprehend you. Take back the fatal cause of my unhappy brother's death. He might, alas ! have still been living, and not have brought down his poor parents grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. He might, alas ! have still been wife, have still been happy, had his unruly passions been confined: O ! how dangerous is the gift of power ! Take back your fatal ring. Unhappy is the man who next enjoys it. I only beg this boon, that when you part with it again it may not be bestowed on any friend of ROSIMONDS.

F A B L E VI.

The A D V E N T U R E S of F L O R I S A.

A Poor country-woman had contracted an intimate friendship with a Fairy. It happened the good woman was brought to bed of a daughter, and the Fairy was invited as a favourite guest on that joyful occasion. She came accordingly ; and as the infant lay in her arms, she thus bespoke the mother. “ Make your own free choice, my friend ; this daughter of yours, if you request it, shall be fair as the new-born day ; the beauties of her mind shall still be more conspicuous than her personal charms ; she shall in time be a powerful princess ; but very unfortunate ; or—she shall make no figure in the world, be a plain, honest country-woman, like yourself ; but live at ease, contented with that little portion which the Gods allot her.”—The ambitious country-woman was soon determined in her choice. “ Give my daughter wisdom, beauty, and a crown, she said, at all adventures.” All on a sudden, young cupids dance in her eyes, and her virgin-charms become the object of envy and admiration. Her behaviour is affable, sweet and engaging ; her apprehension quick and lively ; whatever accomplishments she studied, she attained them to the utmost degree of perfection. When she danced on any public festival upon the verdant plain, her movement was inimitably graceful. Her voice was sweeter than the lyre of *Orpheus*, and her airs were chiefly her own compositions. At first, she was all artless innocence ; but as she was playing on the margin of a transparent spring, she gazed with

admiration on her beauteous form; and with a secret pride observed the partial hand of nature. Whole crouds would stand in ranks to see her pass along, which made her still more conscious of her charms. The mother, relying on the friendship and foreknowledge of the Fairy, viewed her child with partial eyes, traced the distant princess in every little action, and almost spoiled her by excess of fondness. The virgin-beauty now would neither spin, nor sew, nor tend her sheep; but either range thro' all the meads, collect the gayest flowers, and artfully dispose them in her dress; or walk, and sing, and dance, beneath the sylvan shades. The King of the country where she lived was a very powerful prince, and determined to marry his only son, whose name was ROSIMOND, as soon as prudence would permit. He would hearken, however, to no proposals of alliance with any of the neighb'ring states, having been foretold by a Fairy, that he should one day see a nymph more beauteous, more accomplished than the gayest princess. He resolved, therefore, to summon all the country-virgins throughout his kingdom, who were under eighteen years of age, forthwith to repair to court, for his review and final choice. A thousand moderate beauties attended on this occasion. But thirty—to whom nature had been peculiarly indulgent—were soon distinguished from the crowd. FLORISA—for that was the name of our enchanted beauty—procured the favour, without solicitation, to be introduced amongst this happy number. These thirty rural beauties were conducted into one of his majesty's most spacious halls; and there ranged in an amphitheatrical form, that the King and his son might survey them all at once in a proper light. FLORISA, at first glance, appeared, amidst these candidates for beauty, like the fairest spring-flower in a bed of marygold, or an orange-tree, in all its glory, amidst a row of brambles. The King, without hesitation, declared FLORISA princess. ROSIMOND too thought himself happy in his father's choice. FLORISA now resigns
her

her rural habit for royal robes, embroidered thick with gold. A thousand costly jewels glitter round about her. A large train of attendants wait upon her will. Happy is the lady that can study what will please her best, and save her even the pain of thought. A magnificent apartment was fitted up for her reception; the rooms were lined round with costly looking-glass, instead of tapestry hangings, that turn which way she would, with pleasure she might see her charms reflected, and that the prince, where'er he cast his eyes, with transport might adore them. Hunting, gaming, and the thousand other entertainments of the court, were no amusements now to ROSIMOND. All his pleasure centered in her charming conversation: and, as the old King his father died soon after *Hymen* had confirmed their joys, FLORISA fulfilled the Fairy's prediction, reigned as Queen, and by her good conduct, and peculiar penetration, settled the most important affairs of state with universal applause. *Chronopota*, the old Queen, whose temper was subtle, ill-natured and malicious, grew jealous of FLORISA; thro' the defects of nature and age together, she looked like a very fury. The charms of FLORISA did but set her deformity in a more glaring light, and provoked her to the last degree. The reflection that she was only a foil to FLORISA was a pain insupportable. She was conscious of FLORISA's prudence and good conduct; and therefore abandoned herself to all the outrages of malice and revenge.
“ Are
“ not you, she would often say to her son, an abject, poor-spirited
“ prince, thus to wed an obscure country-lass, and set her up for
“ a Goddess? One too, that's as proud and imperious, as if she was
“ heiress to a throne. When your royal father thought of such a
“ settlement, he made me the object of his choice, as I was
“ daughter to a King, equal with him in glory. Thou shouldest
“ poor, unambitious boy, have traced his foot-steps. Send back, for
“ shame,

" shame, your sylvan Goddess to her shady groves : Act like a King,
" and take some princess to your arms, whose birth and character
" deserve the blessing." As ROSIMOND, however, was deaf to her
reproofs. The inveterate *Chronipota*, to satiate her revenge, one
day intercepted a letter which FLORISA had wrote, in the most ten-
der terms, a heart full of love and gratitude could conceive to her
royal master: this letter the fury gave to a young courtier, one
of her creatures, and enjoined him, on pain of her displeasure, to
own the contents directed to himself, to lay it before his majesty
with all the tokens of a loyal resentment, and to set FLORISA's
inconstancy and falsehood in the most odious light. ROSIMOND, in
the hurry and confusion of a jealous thought, and exasperated by
his mother's pernicious counsels, ordered FLORISA to be close con-
fined for life, within a high tower, built on the summit of a rock,
that bellied o'er the sea. There she sat whole nights and days in
floods of sorrow, unable to conceive what she had done to merit
such inhuman treatment. No one was allowed to attend her, but
an old confidant of *Chronipota*'s, who was instructed to insult her,
and triumph over her misfortunes. FLORISA now reflected on her
once happy state of life, her humble birth, and all her harmless
rural entertainments. One day, as she was drowned in tears, de-
ploring her ambitious mother's fatal choice, her old tormentor came
to tell her that the King's officer attended to behead her; and that
death alone could make atonement for her crimes. Death, said
FLORISA, to a wretch like me, is welcome.—I am prepared.—
The officer, in short, thro' the misrepresentations of old *Chronipota*,
stood ready, with his sword drawn, to execute the King's com-
mission; when, on a sudden, a lady, richly dressed, appeared, and
stopped the impending blow; asserting that she came from court,
with positive injunctions to deliver a private message to the dying

Queen.

Queen. Her old fury of a guardian readily acquiesced with these pretended orders, not doubting but the lady was one of *Chronipota*'s retinue; but, in reality, she was the Fairy in disguise, who had foretold FLORISA's troubles. After having ordered every person to withdraw, she thus addressed her. "Are you willing to resign your beauty, which has proved your ruin?—Will you renounce your title to a crown, resume your rural dress, and return to your former humble situation?" — With transport FLORISA accepted the proposal. Here, put on, says the Fairy, this enchanted mask. On the first application, her features began to extend, and grow in disproportion. She now seems the disgrace, as before, she appeared the pride of nature. Thus metamorphosed, it was impossible to know her; and she passed unsuspected thro' the guards, who were ordered to be spectators of her execution. She followed the Fairy; and under her convoy arrived safe in her own country. Strict search is now made all over the tower for the unhappy beauty, but to no purpose. The news of this miraculous escape was related, with the utmost surprize to the King and to *Chronipota*; who issued out fresh orders throughout the kingdom, but in vain, for her reprizal. The Fairy delivered her safe into her mother's hands, who had never known her daughter, had she not been before apprized of her transformation. FLORISA was very well contented to return to her former station, to be deformed, and live in obscurity in the country, where all her busines was to tend her sheep. A day scarce past, but what she heard her tale related, and her fall deplored. Her adventures, in short, were the subject of a thousand songs so moving they commanded tears. With pleasure she would sit, and sweetly sing those songs herself, and weep with her companions: but thought herself more happy now than ever, and to her dying day retained the secret.

F A B L E VII.

The H I S T O R Y of A L F A R O U T E and
C L A R I F I L I A.

Once on a time there was a King, named ALFAROUTE, who was the delight of his subjects, and the terror of all his enemies. He was a wise and good prince, just, valiant, and active; deficient in no royal qualification. A Fairy, one day in private told him, that some unforeseen misfortunes would attend him, unless he prevented them, by virtue of a magic ring, which she put upon his finger. When he turned the diamond within his hand, he became immediately invisible; and the moment he turned it without, became visible again. This ring proved of singular service to him, and was his favourite recreation. On the least mistrust of any ill-projecting subject, by virtue of his ring, he was present with him in his most secret retirements, and knew all his domestic concerns without the least observance. If he was apprehensive of an invasion from abroad, he sat amidst their privy councils undiscovered. Thus he baffled with pleasure all the projects that were formed to sow dissentions amongst his people; found out all the plots and conspiracies, tho' ne'er so closely laid, against his person; and disconcerted all the measures of those, who would gladly subvert his constitution. This indulgence, however, of the Fairy's, did not answer all the ends of his ambition: he begged a more extensive power still; and wished, that by virtue of his ring, he could transport himself to distant regions in a moment. The Fairy, sighing, replied;

so captivating a beauty :—But jealousy, that pois'nous passion, found a passage to his breast, to interrupt the current of his joys. His eyes invisibly were ever on her, observant of her private conduct ; yet still he found her chaste, the worthy object of his love and admiration. Still there remains some small distrust behind, which gives him anxious pain. The Fairy, who had foretold the fatal consequence that would attend his last request, whispered her cautions in his ear so often, that he deemed her impertinent. Express orders were immediately given, that she should leave the court ; and the Queen herself was instructed, on pain of his displeasure, never to see her more. Her majesty, with great reluctance, complies with this severe injunction ; for the Fairy was her much respected friend and favourite. One day, the Fairy, desirous to inform the Queen of some material occurrences, assumed the shape of one of her officers, and under that disguise, with ease gained admittance into her private apartment, where, with pleasure, she discovered who she was. The Queen flew into her arms with a true lover's fondness. The King, who at the same time was there invisible, and saw their tender embraces, burned with fury and indignation. He drew his sword, in the height of his resentment, and plunged it in the bosom of the guiltless Queen. That moment the Fairy resumed her proper shape.—Instantaneously the King perceived his fatal error, and confessed his CLARIFILIA virtuous.—ALFAROUTE would fain have fallen upon his sword to make atonement. The Fairy interposed, and strove to mitigate his sorrows. The Queen, as she lay weltring in her blood, and just expiring, faintly said.—“ O ! ALFAROUTE, tho' by thy cruel hand I die, I die thy ever faithful, loving wife.” The King now mourned his wayward fate, and his own rash request. He returned the fatal magic ring, and begged the Fairy to retake his wings. The remnant of his days he spent in gloomy thoughts and in excess of sorrow. The only mitigation of his grief was once a day to visit CLARIFILIA’s tomb, and bathe it with his tears.

F A B L E VIII.

The S T O R Y of the Old Q U E E N and
P E R O N E L L A.

IN days of yore, there was a QUEEN so very antient, that her gums were all unarmed, and her forehead as bald, as an old barren plain. Her head tottered, as the aspen leaf trembles, when ruffled by the wind. Her eyes were dim, and sunk within their sockets. Her visage was all rough, unfeatured, and deformed. She was lower in stature by one-half than in her youth ; she grew globular, and her mountain-back was so high, that any one might justly think she had been crooked from her cradle. A Fairy, who was present at her mother's labour, approached, and thus addressed her. “ Have you an inclination to renew your youth ? I should be proud, replied the QUEEN, of so valuable a blessing. All, all my costly jewels, I'd resign with pleasure to be but twenty-one again.” Then, says the Fairy, we must find some proper person, who will assume your age, and willingly transfer her health and youth to you. On whom shall we bestow your hundred years ?— Immediate search was made, by the QUEEN's orders, for such proper person, as would gladly accept of the exchange. A crowd of beggars first surround the palace, and offer to be old, upon condition to be rich ; but when they beheld her rueful face, her ropy chain of rheumis, and all the thousand ills that hovered round her, they looked upon her with an eye of pity, despised the proffer, and rather chose to beg in rags from door to door. Others, with vain, ambitious

ambitious thoughts inspired, drew near the throne, to whom she made large promises of titles and preferments ; but, at the sight of her, they cried ; honour is an empty name without enjoyment. How should we blush to stir abroad, so hideous and deformed !—At length, a country lass, named PERONELLA, fair as *Aurora*, stood before the QUEEN, and for the crown itself, proposed the resignation of her youthful bloom. The wrinkled QUEEN at first brow-beats the virgin for her high demands : but to no purpose ; young she must be again, at all adventures. “ No, no, the QUEEN replied, “ the crown shall be divided, and we'll share it equally between us. “ Sure that's reward sufficient for a girl like thee ! ” “ Boldly the maid replied, 'tis not sufficient. The crown is mine or your's ; “ I'll still retain my poverty and blooming youth, keep you your kingdom and your hundred years, with all its train of ills, and death itself behind them.” “ But, says the QUEEN, what shall I do, when I've resigned my crown ? ” “ Be gay, and sing, and dance as I do now, says PERONELLA :—then practised all before her.” The QUEEN, whose feeble knees knocked one against another, replied, “ And how will you behave yourself when once my throne is yours ? you are a stranger to the cares of age.” “ I don't well know, says PERONELLA ; but I'll make the best use of it I can : I have an unaccountable inclination to try the experiment, for I have heard 'tis a most glorious thing to be a QUEEN.” Whilst the QUEEN and PERONELLA were thus settling the purchase, in came the Fairy, and thus bespoke the country-maid. “ Are you willing to be made like to this old QUEEN, and try whether her state will be an agreeable exchange to you ? ” “ I am, says PERONELLA.” Immediately her leathern face fits all in wrinkles ; all hoary are her hairs ; she frets ; she scolds ; her crazy noddle totters, and her shrivelled cheeks hang down beneath her jaws ; her age is now five score. The Fairy opens a little box, and

out-starts

out-starts a regular band of officers and courtiers, richly dressed, who grew to their full stature as they marched, and paid their proper homage to the new-made QUEEN. They prepare a splendid entertainment for her reception. But she has no appetite for all their dainties, nor could she taste them if she had. She blushes, and sits in pain ; she knows not what to say, or do. She coughs, 'till she is just expiring ; she dribbles on her chin ; a watery drop hangs on her shrivelled nose, which she discharges with her sleeve. She peers into the looking-glass, and finds her features more wrinkled than an old grandame's ape. On the other hand, the late QUEEN stood, smiling in a corner : her eyes began to sparkle, and her limbs to feel new life. Her hair grew beautifully black, her teeth, like ivory, white ; her complexion ruddy as the blushing rose ; and her old crooked form rises by slow degrees as upright as an arrow. But she was grown a perfect flattern ; and tho' her petticoats hung only half-way down her legs ; yet they were dirty, and as draggled as a beggars. This was an odd equipage to her ; and the guards, supposing her to be no other than some common scullion, would have drove her headlong out of court. Then PERONELLA thus bespoke the QUEEN. " We neither of us, I find,
" live in our proper element.—Take you your crown again ; give
" me my rural dress." That moment the exchange was made. The QUEEN grew old again, and PERONELLA young. So fickle is a female mind, they both again repented, but too late. The Fairy now had doomed them irrecoverably to their proper stations. Every day the superannuated QUEEN would weep ; and, under the pressure of every disorder, cry, alas ! " Was I now PERONELLA, I should
" lodge, indeed, in a poor, humble cottage, with chestnuts for my
" food, instead of dainties ; but then I should divert myself
" amongst my fellow-swains, in dancing to their tuneful notes be-
" neath the sylvan shades. What are soft beds of down to me,
" whose

" whose eye-lids never close in gentle slumbers? or crouds attending round me, when I die with pain?" These melancholy reflections made her ever restless and impatient; and twenty-four physicians, who continually attended her, added new fuel to the flame. In short, in about two months time, death ended all her woes. PERONELLA was dancing with her companions, on the margin of a purling stream, when first she heard the mournful news; and then she was convinced her happiness was owing more to fortune, than her own good conduct. Not long after, the Fairy came again to PERONELLA, and offered three husbands to her choice. The first, old, peevish, disagreeable, jealous, and ill-natured; but rich, of an illustrious family; and one, who, neither night or day, would let her stir one moment from him. The second, very handsome, good-natured, obliging, of an ancient and honourable race; but poor, and unsuccessful in all his undertakings. The last, a country-man, neither handsome, nor disagreeable; one, who would neither doat upon her, nor abuse her; one, in short, who was neither very necessitous, nor yet abounding. PERONELLA was at a loss to make her choice; for she was naturally fond of dress, of grandeur and magnificence. " You are still a
" silly girl, I find, says the Fairy, you don't know your own ad-
" vantage. The country-man is your bridegroom if you're wise.
" You yourself would be too indulgent to the second; the first
" would doat on you: in either of their arms you'd be unhappy.
" The third would never use you ill: sit down contented with that
" thought; 'tis better far to dance upon the fern, or verdant grass,
" than in a palace;—and to be the poor contented PERONELLA
" in a cottage, than the gay fashionable lady, surrounded with a
" thousand cares. If you can bid adieu to all the vanity of false
" ambition, you and your shepherd may be truly happy."

F A B L E IX.

L Y C O N.

WHEN *Fame* had, with her brazen trump, proclaimed aloud to all the rural deities, and *Cynthian* swains, that *Lycon* would forsake them, a melancholy murmur filled the shady groves. Echo, and all the adjacent vales repeat the mournful sounds. The rural pipe, the flute and haut-boy, are now heard no more. The shepherds, in excess of sorrow, break their reeds. All nature languishes with sympathetic woe. The trees hang down their drooping heads, and lose their verdure. Till then the face of Heav'n was all serene; but now obscured with clouds. Now the bleak north - wind uncloaths the meadows, and disrobes the groves, as at the approach of winter. The rural Deities themselves bemoan their loss. The Dryads quit their hollow oaks, and sigh for *Lycon*. The mournful Deities assemble now beneath a lofty tree whose summit reached the sky; whose wide-extended arms for ages past had covered its old mother earth. The sylvan nymphs that used to entertain themselves with dances, songs, and other harmless sports, around this knotty, cumb'rous tree; now met, alas! to drop their tears, and tell their melancholy tale. O! we shall never see dear *Lycon* more, they cry; the dear, dear object of our wishes flies our groves!—Too cruel fate thus to remove him from us!—Thrice happy grove, which he shall honour with his presence!—Now we shall hear his tuneful voice no more; no more behold him bend his bow, and with his arrows, unerring as *Apollo's*, wound the feathered game. Great *Pan* himself resigns his flute; the fauns and satyrs

satyrs too suspend their dances to join the melancholy wood-nymphs. The little harmless birds sit drooping on the boughs, and quite forget their songs. Only the solitary screech-owl and the ill-hoding birds, with their ear-wounding notes, disturb the silence of the groves. Sweet *Philomela*, with her tuneful choir, now cease their warbling strains. All on a sudden, *Flora* and *Pomona*, hand in hand, appear within the center of the grove; smiles sit upon their faces, glowing celestial red: the former wore a chaplet of roses on her head, whilst prim-roses and violets sprang up beneath her feet: the latter grasped within her hand a horn of plenty, filled with autumnal fruits, the grateful earth's return for the kind labours of the swain. Be comforted—they cried to the distressed assembly—tho' Lycon will, indeed, your groves forsake; yet still he flies no farther than the mountain consecrated to the God *Apollo*. There you shall see him cultivate our happy gardens. With his own hands, he there shall plant green trees; delicious roots for man's support, and fragrant flowers for his amusement. Cease, cease, O north-wind, with your poisonous blasts to ruffle Lycon's favourite gardens. Be kind to Lycon, who shall prefer his rural entertainments before the luxury of courts; shall love this happy situation, and leave it with reluctance. No sooner had they spoke, but sorrow turned to joy: the subject of their songs was their loved Lycon's praise. He will, they cry, delight in gardens, as *Apollo*, when shepherd to *Admetus*, loved his flocks. A thousand soft celestial songs filled all the grove, and Lycon's favourite name resounded from the forest to the distant hills. The shepherds, with their tuneful pipes, repeat the pleasing sounds. The birds too, on the shady boughs, in their own language, warble out the name of Lycon. Nature is decked in all her pride; the trees are cloathed with fruits, the fields with flowers: The gardens, that wait for his return, boast all the

beauties of the spring, and the gay gifts of autumn. The very distant looks of LYCON round the mountain have a magic power, and make it fruitful there, when he has rooted up its numerous weeds and barren plants, he shall collect the olive and the myrtle, and wait with patience till the God of war directs him where to pluck the laurel.

F A B L E

F A B L E X.

A C O M P L I M E N T to a Young P R I N C E, after
an ill Night's Rest.

PHOEBUS, having traversed the expanse of Heaven, and run his destined round, plunged deep his fiery coursers into the heisperian waves. The horizon was bordered round with purple ; the sky seemed all inflamed with the bright tracks of light, the God had left behind him. The scorching dog-star parched up the thirsty plain. The plants lost all their verdure, and languished for the dews. The fading flowers hung down their drooping heads ; nor could their feeble stalks support their weight. The very zephyrs withheld their gentle breezes. The air, which all things living breathed, was suffocating, close and sultry. Night, with her cool, refreshing shades, could not allay the excessive heat ; nor shed those balmy dews on the laborious and dejected swains, which, in the common course of nature, she distils, when the stars shine, and *Hesper* twinkles bright behind them ; nor had her crop of poppies power to charm to rest the languishing creation. *Phæbus* alone, reclining on the soft bosom of his beauteous *Thetis*, slept at ease. But when he waked, when the officious hours had got his chariot ready, and *Aurora* had begun her rosy progress, he discerned the face of Heaven all over-spread with clouds ; saw the wild waste, the ruins of the storm, which had the night before affrighted all the lower world. From the damp earth the infectious vapours rose, which added flame to the red lightning's flash, and horror to the

thunder. The boisterous winds, with hideous roar, burst from their stony caverns ; the mountain-ground smoked with the hasty rains, which rolled in torrents down upon the vallies. The golden sun, who, with his beams magnetic, warms the world, saw as he rose new devastations with concern ; but with superior grief, beheld a youth, the darling of the Muses, his own peculiar favourite, robbed of his repose by this impetuous storm, soon as the dew of sleep had fallen upon him, and with soft, slumberous weight, inclined his eye-lids. The indulgent God was thinking to drive backwards, and retard the day to recompence his loss. My darling still, he cried, shall sleep. Still sleep shall seal his eyes, and hush his cares, renew his health and strength, that he may imitate the great *Alcides*, and add a sweetnes to his disposition not to be expressed, the only virtue that he possibly can want. If he sleeps sound and laughs ; softens his temper, and delights in play ; if he but loves mankind, and studies to be loved, the various graces will unite, and form the man compleat.

F A B L E XI.

Young BACCHUS and the Critic FAUN.

ONE day, young BACCHUS, pupil to *Silenus*, was diverting himself with the Muses in a grove, whose solemn silence never was disturbed, but by the murmurs of soft, purling streams, and the sweet harmony of warbling birds. So thick and gloomy were the verdant shades, *Apollo's* brightest beams could never pierce them. The beauteous son of *Semele*, as he was studying the language of the Gods, sat at the foot of an old shady oak, whose sacred trunk was pregnant in the golden age with men. The oracles of old from thence were given; there still it stood, and flourished in immortal youth. Behind this hollowed oak, a brisk, young FAUN, unseen, stood listening to the verses which the God repeated, and with a scornful air, whispered each little error to *Silenus*. At some small distance the *Naiades* and rural nymphs stood smiling. Young was the critic, wanton and genteel. His head was drest with ivy mixed with vine-leaves. Clusters of grapes adorned his temples. Over his left shoulder hung a curious scarf, composed of ivy wreathed; and the young God was pleased to see his favourite leaves. From the girdle downwards, the FAUN was dressed in a tremendous lion's skin, the trophies of his conquest in the forest. In his hand he grasped a knotty sheep-hook. He waved his tail, in many a wanton wreath upon his back. But as the God no longer could endure this bold, insulting critic, who censured the least word irregularly placed, with a stern look, and haughty tone, he cried: "How durst thou, " saucy FAUN, remark thus on the son of *Jove?*" The FAUN, undaunted, with a smile, replied: "How can the son of *Jove* commit " such blunders?"

F A B L E XII.

The N I G H T I N G A L E and LINNET.

ON the ever verdant banks of the river *Alpheus* stands a grove, where the *Naïades* diffuse their noisy waters, and refresh the new-born flowers. The Graces often bathe themselves in these chrystalline streams. The winds are partial to this peaceful grove, and none but gentle zephyrs whisper thro' her trees. There the nymphs and fauns by night assemble, and whilst *Pan* plays on his melodious pipe, strike with their feet alternately the ground. So thick, so interwoven are the trees, no sun-beams e'er can pierce them. There solemn silence reigns and peaceful gloom ; there, night and day, soft breezes fan the woods. Amidst the trembling leaves sad *Philomela* sits, and tells her mournful tale ; sings all the night ; but sings, alas ! in vain. Upon another spray, a LINNET warbling sings, and with her cheerful notes proclaims to all the neighbouring swains the approach of spring. So sweet she sang, the Nightingale herself grew jealous. One day they spied a swain, within the center of the grove, whom they had never seen before. They gazed on him with pleasure, and took him for some noble youth, a lover of the Muses and of Music. They fancied he might be *Apollo* in disguise, as once he was when shepherd to *Admetus*, or at least some hero to the Gods allied. The birds, by inspiration of the Muses, thus began their tuneful song in concert.

Who is this shepherd, or this God unknown, who honours thus our grove ? He listens to our harmless notes with pleasure. The Muses are,

we find, his favourites : their melting sounds will tune his generous soul, and make him lovely as he's great.

Then *Philomel* pursued the song alone.

O ! may our Hero's virtues multiply, like the gay flowers in spring ! May he delight in innocent and rational amusements ! May the soft Graces hang on his lips, and wise Minerva dwell within his heart.

The *LINNET* then replied.

O ! may the music of his tongue prove more melodious than the lyre of Orpheus ! May he in time to come be more renowned for his heroic actions than Alcides ! May he be more courageous, but not so rash, and so unguarded as Achilles ! May he be good and wise, love all mankind, and be by them beloved ! And may the Muses tune his soul to every virtue !

Then the inspired birds again in chorus joined.

Our tuneful notes charm his attentive ears, and sink into his heart, as gentle dews into the thirsty earth. May the gracious Gods incline his heart to mercy, and make him ever happy ! May his hand ever grasp the horn of plenty, and thro' his means the golden age return ! May his good conduct influence all mankind, and flowers forever spring up where he treads !

Whilst thus the feathered choristers their descants sang, the zephyrs, loth to interrupt their music, dropt their wings. The various parti-coloured flowers that then adorned the grove reared up their cheerful heads. The streams, which the three *Naiades* poured from their noisy urns crept silently along. The fauns and satyrs with ears erect, listened attentive to their charming sounds. Echo, well-pleased, repeated every note to all the concave rocks. A long train of *Dryads* issued from their hollow trunks to gaze with admiration on the godlike youth, for whose success sweet *Philomela* and the warbling *Linnet* thus zealously in concert joined their wishes.

F A B L E XIII.

The D R A G O N and two F O X E S.

ONCE on a time, a DRAGON sat brooding over an immense treasure, and to secure it, never closed his eyes to rest. Two FOXES, well versed in every fly mercurial art, insinuated themselves into his favor by fulsome flattery and adulating address. He entertained them as his friends and confidents. We ought always to be jealous of men's forward protestations : an artful complaisance too often flows from a perfidious heart: They pay their court to him as to a King, applaud all his schemes, tho' never so ridiculous ; give into his sentiments, tho' most apparently unjust, and knowing his foible, turn and wind him at their pleasure. In full confidence of these two bosom-friends, he ventured to take an hour's repose ; but as soon as the credulous fool fell fast asleep, they strangled him, and seized the glorious prize. Their next busines was to divide the plunder fairly between them ; an affair not easily accomplished ; for villains seldom can agree in any point, but the bare execution of their crimes. One of these hypocrites, with a philosophic air addressed his companion. Brother, says he, of what service is all this hoard of gold to us ? A hare, or a rabbit, had been a better booty. These same guineas will prove but a poor meal. We have not stomachs, like the ostrich, to digest them. What fools men are to make this gold their God ? Brother, let us be wiser. The other with equal hypocrisy replied ; your observations are strictly just, brother, and I'll assure you, they have made a convert of me : I am now fully convinced, that the philosopher is the happy man ; and for the future, like *Bias* of old,

I'll

I'll carry all I have about me. Both affected to depart from the ill-gotten, worthless treasure without reluctance: both lay in ambuscade; and conscious of their mutual guilt, destroyed each other. One, as he lay expiring, thus addressed his dying partner: what would you have done with all that gold had you succeeded? The same, replied the other, as you proposed, had fortune favoured you. By accident a passenger going by, and enquiring into the fatal cause of their disaster, declared they were both fools. Fools as we are, says one of them, you men are just the same: Gold is no more food for you than us, and yet you'll cut your brother's throat for gain. Before this unhappy accident, our prudent race despised the fatal charm. That, which you introduced for the conveniency of life, is now become its greatest torment. You fly from true felicity, in search after an imaginary good.

F A B L E XIV.

The Two Foxes.

TWO FOXES contrived one night by stratagem to plunder a hen-roost. The cock, the hen and chickens, fell an easy sacrifice to their superior power. After this bloody conquest, the victors supped upon the spoil. One of them, that was young, and a perfect epicure, proposed to eat them all at once. The other, that was old and avaricious, thought it much more prudent to preserve some part against a time of need. Dear child, said he, experience has made me wise. I have seen the world, and the vicissitudes of fortune. Let us not be so lavish as to spend our substance all at once. We have had good success; we have found a valuable treasure; and let us improve it to the best advantage. Don't preach to me, says the young one; for my part, I'll live here while I may; indulge my noble appetite, and lay in provision for a week. They'll stink, you old fool, to-morrow. 'Tis nonsense to talk of our return: the farmer, should he catch us, would, no doubt, revenge their cause, and murder us, as we have them. After this pert reply, each acted according to the dictates of his inclination. The young one indulged himself so long, that he almost burst his belly, and with much difficulty crawled into his kennel, where in a few hours he died. The old one, who had more conduct, and a greater command of his passions, returning to his hoard the next morning, was way-laid, and fell a victim to the countryman's resentment.—Thus every age is prone to its own darling vice.—The young are wild and boundless in their pleasures;—the old avaricious, and incorrigibly so to the last.

F A B L E XV.

The W O L F and the L A M B.

AFlock of sheep were safely grazing in an enclosed meadow ; the dogs were all asleep, and their master, with some fellow-servants, sat playing on their tuneful pipes beneath a shady elm. A WOLF, with hunger pinched, peeped thro' the hedge, and with a wishful eye surveyed the flock. An unexperienced thoughtless LAMB approached him. What, sir, said he to the voracious stranger, is it you want within our pasture ? To taste your tender, flowery grafts, replied the WOLF. What can be more delicious, than to graze as you do on the verdant meads, enamelled round with flowers, and slake one's thirst in the transparent rills ? Here, I perceive, you live in perfect plenty. For my part, my ambition would rise no higher : I've learned by philosophic rules to live contented with a little. Say you so, said the LAMB, have you no appetite for flesh, and will a little grass suffice you ? I find, you have been misrepresented ; let us live sociably, and graze together. Immediately the LAMB leaps o'er the fence. As soon the grave philosopher turns tyrant, and tears him limb from limb. Always suspect the sincerity of such as with studied expressions applaud their own virtues. Eloquence may betray you. Let actions speak the man.

F A B L E XVI.

The C A T and the R A B B I T S.

ONE day a CAT, with an affected, modest air, traversed a warren, plentifully stocked with Bucks and Does. The whole republic trembled at the sight of him, and plunged into their burrows. As this stranger, with a fly imperious eye, stood peering at the mouth of one of their recesses; the states, who with terror had observed his dreadful claws, ordered their deputies, at their most narrow avenue, to parly with him, and demand the cause of his arrival. *Grimalkin*, in a soft, friendly tone, protested his design was innocent; that all his aim was to inform himself of the laws of their republic: that, as he made philosophy his study, he determined to travel round the globe purely to gratify his curiosity, and learn the various customs of the brutal world. The unguarded, credulous deputies, immediately made the following report to their lords and masters; that this stranger, whose modest deportment and majestic dress commanded their respect, was a sober, harmless pacific philosopher; that he was travelling thro' various kingdoms for the cultivation of his mind; that he had seen a thousand curiosities in foreign parts; that his conversation was extremely entertaining; that there was no danger of his destroying any of their young ones; that he was, in short, one of *Bremen's* disciples; that the metempsychosis was an article of his faith, and flesh his utter aversion. The grand assembly were charmed with this eloquent harangue. A sage, old BUCK, who had long been their speaker,

was

was justly jealous of this grave philosopher, and offered many substantial reasons to justify his suspicions, but to no purpose. Notwithstanding all his wise precautions, they went in a body to pay their compliments in the most solemn manner, to this great *Brenziniſt*, who, at their first approach, seized seven or eight, and slew them on the spot. The rest, with much difficulty and confusion, recovered their burrows, but hung down their heads, ashamed of their credulity. Soon after this tyrannic insult, the CAT returned to the mouth of the burrow, where he parlied with them first, and there made the largest protestations of his unfeigned sorrow and repentance: he alledged that fatal necessity, and not choice, had compelled him to such an act of hostility; and assured them, that for the future he'd live contented with meaner diet, and should think himself happy, if they'd forgive this first transgression, and for the future live in peace. The republic thought proper to accept of his contrition; but determined to expose themselves as little as possible to his arbitrary power. They sign the treaty, and pay him homage at a distance. In the mean time, one of the boldest and most active BUCKS steps flyly out at a back-door, to a neigb'ring shepherd,—who delighted to captivate the young ones, as they munched the juniper berries—relates their whole adventure. The swain resenting the tyrannical proceedings of the CAT, hastens with his bow and arrows to the warren. He found the CAT attentive on his prey. Unseen, a fatal shaft flew to his breast. The tyrant, as he lay expiring, sighed out this just reflection. The Hypocrite, when once discovered is believed no more: he is forever hated, ever feared; and is at last by his own stratagems betrayed.



F A B L E XVII.

The M I C I A N T R A V E L L E R S.

A Mouse that lived forever restless and uneasy, forever tormented with frightful apprehensions of the Cat, and her destructive party, one day called to a bosom-friend, who lodged within a hole contiguous to her own, and thus addressed her. Neighbour, said she, I have a project in my head. As I was at breakfast one morning in a curious library, I turned over a certain book of travels, and cast my eye on a very remarkable passage. There is a beautiful country, says my author, called the *Indies*, where the mician race are treated with much more gentleness, and live much freer from insults and oppression than we do here. In that country 'tis the received opinion of the Sophi, that the soul of a mouse may possibly have been the soul of a minister of state, an archbishop, or a king; and afterwards by transmigration, animate some superior beauty, some lady of the first distinction. To the best of my remembrance, he calls this the metempsychosis. This being an established maxim amongst them, they treat every species of the brutal world with abundance of indulgence and good will. Hospitals are there erected for the reception of the mician race: they have an annual pension, and a table allowed them, like persons of distinction. Let us try our fortune, neighbour; set sail for these happy islands, where their laws are so refined; and merit meets with such a due regard. But, neighbour, replied her companion, are there no Cats in those hospitals you speak of?—If there should, I fancy that same metempsychosis, as you call it, would be a practice



practice much in vogue there, and by some unlucky squeeze or another, we soon should change our forms, and become heroes or monarchs, perhaps against our inclinations. Never fear, says the first, they are strictly regular in all their economy: the cats have their separate apartments as we have ours: they have another hospital of invalids erected at a proper distance. This important objection thus removed, our two MICE determined on their voyage; and by the help of a cable, which was lashed to the shore, got on board a vessel, the night before they weighed anchor, bound for the *Indian* coast. Away they sail; the winds prove propitious: with transport they traverse the ocean, and take their farewell of an island, where cats rule with such tyrannic sway. They had a safe and speedy passage. They landed at *Surat*, not like merchants, with a view of advantageous commerce; but in hopes to find a courteous reception from the natives. No sooner were they settled as they proposed in one of the nician apartments, but they proudly assumed a superiority over the rest, and laid claim to the best places in the house. The first pretended she had been a celebrated *Eramis* on the coast of *Malabar*. The other insisted, that she had been a celebrated *toast* there, and admired for her ears that almost touched the ground. In short, they were both so saucy and impudent, that the *Lidian* Mice no longer would endure their pride and insolence. A civil war immediately ensued. They unanimously opposed these two conceited upstarts. Instead of becoming a prey to their common foe the cat, they fell a bloody sacrifice to the resentment of their own fraternity. 'Tis to little purpose to fly for refuge into foreign countries: without a modest and prudent deportment. We only take a deal of pains to be unhappy: misfortunes can but attend us nearer home.

F A B L E XVIII.

The B E A S T S assembled to elect a K I N G.

NO sooner was the Lion dead, but beasts of all denominations flock'd to his den, and courtiers-like, condoled with the Li-ness, his royal relict, who made the forests, and the distant moun-tains tremble with her awful roaring. After the usual compli-ments they proceeded to a new election. The crown of the deceas'd was, with all due solemnity and decorum, placed in the mid'st of the august assembly. His royal offspring was too feeble and too young to sieze the crown, to which so many much more powerful creatures laid their claim. Give me but time to grow a little, says the royal cub, and in a few years you shall find I can fill the throne, and make the world around me tremble, as my fa-ther did before me. In the mean time, I'll practise the heroic actions of my ancestors, and one day equal them in glory. The crown I challenge, says the Leopard, as my regal right. My person is the nearest representative of his late majesty deceased. As for my part, says Bruin, I insist upon it: 'tis an act of injustice to prefer the Leopard before me. I boast an equal strength; am as couragious, and as blood-thirsty as he; add to this—an advantage of no small importance—my art of climbing trees: I appeal, says the Elephant, to the whole assembly here present, whether any one, with justice, can pretend to be so big, so strong, or so sedate as I am. I am the noblest, the most beautifully formed of all the brutal world, replied the Horse. I the most politic, strait Reynard cried.

cried. Who's swifter, said the Stag, than I? Where, said the Monkey, can you find a king so gay, so entertaining as myself? my actions would be ever pleasing to my loving subjects. Besides, who is so near allied to man, the lord of the creation? The Parrot interposed, and made his speech. I think, sir, I can boast that right with a much better grace than you. Your frightful phiz, I own, and antic postures faintly resemble his. I boast a nobler faculty: I imitate his speech, the demonstration of his reason, and his greatest glory. Pert fool, replied the Monkey, hold your peace. You talk 'tis true, but not like man. You chatter only a set form of words; not one you understand. These two egregious copiers of mankind made all the assembly smile. At last, after a long debate, the Elephant was crowned their king elect: he had, they owned, sufficient strength and conduct to protect them: abhorred the arbitrary power of beasts of prey, and never was so idly vain, so self-conceited, as to pretend to be what, in reality, he was not.

F A B L E XIX.

The M O N K E Y.

AN arch, old MONKEY having departed this life, his ghost descended to the infernal regions, and there petitioned *Pluto* for his indulgence to return to earth. The God consented he should animate the dull, inactive As, to cure him of his thousand little, sprightly, fly, unlucky pranks. But the gay, comic ghost performed his wanton fopperies with such success before him, that the grim monarch laughed aloud, and granted what he asked without restriction. With your majesty's permission then, I'll now inform the Parrot. By this transmigration, said he, I shall at least retain some faint resemblance of mankind, whose actions I so long have copied. When a Monkey, their gestures were the objects of my imitation; when a Parrot, I shall mimick their discourse. No sooner had the Monkey's soul informed the Parrot, but a silly, tatling, superannuated lady purchased him. He was the darling of her heart, and honoured with a curious cage. His fare was uncommonly delicious, and he prattled all day long with the old dotard, whose discourse was as nonsensical as his. To this new noisy faculty, he subjoined I know not what of his old little affectations. His head was in perpetual motion. His bill cracked; his wings fluttered; and his feet were thrown into a thousand ridiculous postures. His old mistress would, ever and anon, mount her spectacles upon her nose to peer at her favourite bird. She would often lament, that her ears were somewhat defective, by which

which misfortune she too often lost the beauty of poor Poll's expressions, which she imagined were ever witty and refined. The Parrot, by this excessive indulgence, grew loud, impertinent and foolish. In short, he was so restless, so wanton in his cage, and sipped cordial waters so plentifully with his old lady, that once more he died. His ghost making now its second appearance before the throne of *Pluto*, the God resolved to tongue-tie him forever, and doomed him to animate a fish: but when the gloomy monarch saw again his comical grimaces, he revoked the sentence. Princes sometimes favour fools and parasites. The ghost is a second time indulged, and suffered to inform a man. But as the God had some regard for virtue, he carefully confined him to the body of a noisy, impertinent tongue-pād; a fellow, that was forever venting improbable stories; a self-conceited coxcomb; an unnatural mimic; a snarling, injudicious critic; one, in short, that would interrupt the most refined conversation, to hear himself talk, and introduce his own nonsensical discourse. *Mercury*, who recollect'd him, tho' so disguised, thus with a smile addressed him. Thou fool, I know thee well enough. I've seen thee long e'er now. Thou worthless compound of the Ape and Parrot! Take but away thy antic gestures, and a few hard terms, which thou hast learnt by rote, but canst not understand, and thou hast nothing left. A pretty Parrot and a sprightly Monkey, when compounded, make but one silly coxcomb. Alas! what numbers are there in the town, who by their artful cringes, studied addresses, and affected airs, without one grain of wisdom are caressed, and thought men of vast importance?

F A B L E XX.

The two Young L I O N S.

TWO young LIONS had been reared together in one forest. Their stature, strength and age were equal. One was taken captive by the Great Mogul. The other ranged, without restraint, amongst the craggy mountains. The first was by the huntsmen strait conveyed to court, where long he lived in luxury and ease. He seldom dined without an antelope, or e'er repos'd but on a bed of down. A fair eunuch constantly attended twice a day, to comb his graceful golden main. When he was polished and made tractable, the monarch would himself careſs him. He ſoon grew plump, ſmooth, comely and majestic. A golden collar graced his neck; diamonds and pearls adorned his ears. He looked with an eye of contempt on his brother-lions, who inhabited the dens adjacent; they were not equal favourites with him; nor their apartments ſo commodious or well-furnished as his own. His grandeur and ſucceſs with pride elate his heart; he vainly thinks the favours that he meets with, the reſult of merit. His court-education fired his mind with false ambition. He imagined, that had he ranged the forest unconfined, by this time he had been ſome mighty hero. One day, he quits the court, and travels, big with expeſtation, to his native country. At the fame juncture his old royal master died; and the ſtates were all aſſembled, to fill by vote the vacant throne. Among the numerous candidates, there appeared one much ſterner and much more imperious

imperious than the rest. This lordly, dauntless hero was our gay courtier's old companion, who had never been a slave. Whilst the one had been indulged in all the luxury and pride of courts; the other, urged by the pure appetite of nature, was often exercised in dreadful combats, and scorned all dangers for a bare subsistence. Shepherds as well as flocks fell victims to his fury. His carcase was both lean and shaggy; ghastly were his looks. His eyes were bloodshot, and seemed all on fire. His limbs were strong and active; he could climb the trees, and spring upon his prey, fearless of darts or jav'lins. These two old companions proposed to the august assembly to decide their right by single combat: But an old, sage, experienced Lioness, to whose judgment the whole body paid peculiar deference, persuaded them to fix upon the throne, without delay, the politician that was bred at court. There were several malcontents on this advice: they murmured, that an effeminate, luxurious prince should be preferred; whilst the bold warrior, long inured to toils, fearless of dangers, and well able to support his cause, should be neglected. However, the old Lioness, by her superior influence, hushed the rising storm, and fixed the courtier on the throne. At his first accession to the crown he revelled in delight; indulged himself in luxury and ease; by artifice and smooth address, concealed his innate fury, and his love of lawless power. His subjects soon neglected, scorned, detested him. Now, says the old Lioness, 'tis proper to dethrone him. I foreknew his want of merit; but was desirous you should have a monarch for a while, bred up and spoiled in a luxurious court, that you might learn to value courage, conduct and true merit, where you found it. Now is the time to let them fight or die. The two heroes were immediately conducted into a large enclosure, and the assembly, big with expectations, gazed at the gallant show, a show, that soon was over. The courtier trembled

at his foe, and durst not once approach him. He fled, and strove to be concealed. The forester pursued, and called him with disdain a coward. All the spectators cried; tear him in pieces. Have no mercy on the poor poltroon. No, no, replied the victor, when a coward is a foe, 'tis cowardice indeed to be afraid. Let him still live. Death, from my hands, would be too great an honour. I shall know how to reign, and keep him ever in subjection without danger. In short, the dauntless Lion ruled his subjects with the wisdom and good conduct of *Minerva*. The other was content to cringe, and creep, and fawn for trivial favours; and spent the poor remainder of his days, in shameful and inglorious ease.

F A B L E XXI.

The B E E S.

ONE day, when gentle zephyrs fanned the air, and nature was arrayed in all her glory, a young, gay Prince was walking in a curious garden. All on a sudden, an unusual sound invades his ears ; he turns about, and at a distance sees a bee-hive. The novelty induced him to approach it. With pleasure and amazement he observed the industry, the conduct and œconomy of that republic. Their cells were very visible, and regularly formed. One party was employed to fill those cellars with nectar. Others brought in their store of flowers, collected from the bosom of the spring. In this republic none lived in indolence and ease. Every one was full employed ; but no one hurried, or confounded. Those at the helm, directed the inferiors, who laboured all the day, without a murmur, or the least reflection. As their exact obedience was the peculiar object of the Prince's admiration. A Bee, whom all the commonwealth acknowledged as supreme, with graceful air approached, and thus addressed him. 'The œconomy, which you observe amongst us, has been, I find, an amusement to you : but make it rather, royal Sir, a lesson of instruction. No factious fools, no lawless libertines, are known amongst us. No one expects our favour and indulgence ; but he, who labours hard, and studies to promote the public good. True merit is the only claim to posts of trust. We study night and day to be of service to mankind. O ! may I live to hail the day, when you shall copy us, and rule mankind by laws as just as ours !'

F A B L E

F A B L E XXII.

The B E E and the F L Y.

ONE day a BEE observed a FLY, that settled, as she thought, too near her hive. In an imperious tone, she cried, what is thy business? How durst thou, saucy thing, approach us regents of the air? The FLY, ironically, with a smile, replied; amazing insolence! wonderful presumption truly! How groundless is your resentment? You are a race of such peevish, ill-natured, unsociable creatures, that none but fools would e'er regard you. No nation under the sun, replied the BEE, has that good conduct and œconomy as we have. Our laws are all peculiar to ourselves, and our republic is the wonder of the world. We trade in nothing but celestial honey, a liquor as delicious as the nectar of the Gods. Out of my sight, thou saucy, worthless wretch, whose every meal's offensive. The FLY replied, we make our lives as easy as we can: adversity's no crime, tho' passion is. Your honey, I allow, is to perfection pure; but your proud hearts are wretchedly polluted. Your laws with justice all admire. But then your constitutions are too warm: you all take fire too soon. You'll sacrifice your lives to gratify the least resentment. 'Tis better to be modest and good-natured, than haughty and imperious, and have so nice a taste for mere punctilio.

F A B L E XXIII.

The B E E S and the S I L K - W O R M S.

ONE day the Bees soared up as high as the throne of *Jupiter*, fell prostrate at his feet, and with submission hoped for his indulgence, in return for their good offices of old, their former care of him when a helpless infant on *Mount Ida*. *Jove* graciously accepted their address, and thought it was just to grant them the precedence to all other insects: but *Minerva*, who presides o'er all the arts and sciences, informed him, that there was another race as beneficial to mankind as they.—Their names, says *Jove*.—The Goddess answered him, the Silk-Worms—forthwith, the God commissioned *Mercury* to summon all their deputies, and ordered proper zephyrs to attend him, who should waft them on their gentle wings to high *Olympus*, that he himself might hear what the contending parties had to offer. The ambassadress from the republic of the Bees opened the solemn cause; enlarged upon the sweetnes of their honey, the nectar of mankind, its various virtues, and its artful composition; from thence proceeded to the wisdom of their laws, and the exact œconomy of their republic. We, continued the female orator, and we alone can boast the honour of supporting the great father of the Gods, when, in a cave exposed, a tender, helpless infant. Moreover, our courage in the field is equal to our industry at home; let but our royal leader bid us charge the foe, we bravely fight or die. Invincible assurance! How could these Worms, these abject,

worthless insects, think to dispute this point with us? Insects, that only grovel upon earth; whilst we have nobler powers; with golden wings can mount the azure skies. To this the advocate for the Silk-Worms modestly replied. We readily acknowledge that we are but reptiles; that we cannot boast that courage and good conduct which our antagonists most justly can. However, each individual member of our state is a mere prodigy in nature, and for the public good consumes his very vitals. Tho' lawless, still we live in peace. No civil discords e'er distract our state, to which the factious Bees are ever subject. Like *Proteus* we are ever changing, and tho' our form's but small, we boast eleven, gay, parti-coloured ringlets, beauteous as the bow of *Iris*, or the most artificial flower. Our labours grace the monarch on the throne; nay more, they help to furnish the gay temples of the Gods. Our manufacture's beautiful and lasting; not like their honey, which, tho' sweet whilst new, is very subject to decay. In short, we transform ourselves to little Beans; but Beans, that have a grateful smell; that still retain their motion, and the signs of life. At last, we metamorphose into gaudy Butterflies. Then are our forms more beauteous than the bees; then we can boast as bold a flight tow'rds Heaven as they. I've nothing more to offer, but submit to *Jove*. The God was at a loss to give his final judgment in so nice a cause; at last, however, he declared in favour of the Bees; since custom time out of mind confirmed their right. How ungrateful should I be, *Jove* added in excuse, should I degrade my friends, who served me in distress. No, I'll ever own the favour. However, still, in my private opinion, mankind have greater obligations to the Silk-Worms.

F A B L E XXIV.

The Conceited O W L.

A Young Owl, who, *Narcissus*-like, had surveyed himself with pleasure in a chrystral stream, and thought himself, not only fairer than the light, for *Phæbus* is no deity of his, but fair as Night herself, his favourite Goddess, thus began his proud soliloquy. How often have I offered incense to the Graces! When I was born, fair *Cytherea* drest me in her cestos. Young smiling cupids fan their wanton wings around me. I'm now of age; *Hymen* shall bless me with a numerous issue, beanteous as myself: they shall in time become the glory of the groves, the darlings of the night! O! should the race of Owls be once extinct, the loss would be irreparable. Thrice happy must that fair one be, that shall be circled in my arms! Fired with these self-conceited thoughts, he sends the Crow to the dread monarch of the birds with bold proposals of a match between himself and his fair daughter, the royal Eaglet. Fain would the Crow have been excus'd from this commission. What reception can I expect, said she, in the proposal of a match so visibly unequal? How can you imagine, that the Eaglet, who can, unhurt, gaze steadfast on the sun, should wed with you, whose tender eyes can't bear the dawn of day? Light and darkness can never possibly agree. You'd live forever in a state of separation. The self-conceited Owl was deaf to all advice. The Crow, to sooth his vanity, complied at last, and made the proposition. They smiled at the ridiculous

request. However, the monarch answered ; if your master be ambitious of my favour, let him meet me in the regions of the air to-morrow about mid-day. The proud ambitious fool attempts the flight. All on a sudden a dim suffusion veiled his eyes, unable to endure the radiant light, downwards he sunk upon a rock. All the feathered race pursued, and stript him of his plumes. A cavern now he finds his greatest happiness, and he resolves to wed an Owl, an humble tenant of the rock. The nuptials were consummated at night ; and as they both were blind, they thought each other fair. Pride will have its fall. We should not aim to shine in spheres we cannot possibly adorn.

F A B L E XXV.

C L E O B U L U S and P H I L L I S.

A Pensive shepherd once led his flock to pasture on the flow'ry banks of the river *Achelōus*. The Fauns and Satyrs, that lay concealed in the adjacent groves, danced on the verdant grass to his melodious pipe. The water-nymphs, sporting beneath the waves, advanced amidst the rushes, attentive to his charming music. *Achelōus* too, reclining on his urn, reared up his head, which, since his combat with the mighty *Hercules*, had lost a horn, and the harmonious sounds suspended for a time the tortures of the vanquished God. The admiring Naiades made no impression on the swain: PHILLIS alone was the dear object of his wishes; PHILLIS, the plain, the modest nymph, the beauty unadorned; who never shone with borrowed rays; contented with those charms alone the Graces gave her. PHILLIS went from home into the meadows, thoughtful of nothing but her tender flock, herself alone insensible of all her charms; the neighb'ring nymphs grew jealous: The swain adored her, but wanted courage to declare his passion. Her severe virtue and unaffected modesty, those never-dying charms of beauty, that awed her lovers, and kept them at a distance, were the chief objects of his admiration; but *Cupid* is a subtle God; a thousand little arts he soon invents that shall reveal the secret. The shepherd soon concluded the pleasing, tho' unstudied song he had begun, to introduce another, more artificial, that might melt his charmer down to love. He knew her taste; that she admired stories of

heroic

heroic virtue. He sung, therefore, under a fictitious name, his own adventures ; for in these days heroes themselves were shepherds, and condescended to their dress. Thus then he began his martial song. When *Polynices* went to the siege of *Thebes*, in hopes to dethrone his brother *Eteocles*, all the Grecian powers espoused his cause, and armed in their chariots, lay before the city. Here *Adrastus*, father-in-law to the great *Polynices*, with fury urged the war : Thousands fell victims to his sword ; as the yellow harvest bends beneath the sickle. There *Amphiaræus*, the celebrated sorcerer, who had foretold his own untimely fate, mingled amongst the crowd, when, on a sudden, the earth gaped wide, and swallowed him to quick destruction. As he was tumbling down the dark abyss, he curs'd his planet, and his day of marriage. At some small distance, the two sons of *Oedipus* were close engaged in dreadful combat. As the Leopard and the Tyger, when they meet upon the rocks of *Caucasus*, with inbred fury contend for victory ; so these irreconcileable heroes fought rolling upon the ground, resolved to die or conquer. During this unnatural engagement *Cleobulus*, an attendant on *Polynices*, opposed a mighty *Theban*, a favourite of *Mars*. The arrow, which the *Theban* threw, directed by the God himself, had sealed the fate of young *CLEOBULUS*, had he not, with incredible activity, sprung from the deadly blow. *CLEOBULUS*, in a moment, turned upon the *Theban*, and with his jav'lin struck him to the heart. The reeking blood gushed from the gaping wound ; his eyes grew dim and languishing ; his soul lay struggling to be loosed, and death soon cast his sable veil o'er all his manly features. Soon as the dear partner of his bed discerned from a high tower her husband's fall, her lovely eyes were drowned in floods of sorrow. Thrice happy soldier, tho' thus vanquished to be so pitied, and so well beloved ! With how much transport could I yield to fate on such conditions ! What is youth, what is beauty, and a thirst for fame,

if the fair nymph, the object of our wishes, still despairs us? PHIL-LIS, who listened with attention to his charming song, was now convinced, the Shepherd was himself CLEOBULUS, that flew the *Theban*. His conquest now began to fire her heart; she views his beauties with a lover's eye, and pities all his pains. The fair now gives her hand, and plights her faith. In a few days, *Hymen* confirmed their joys. The neighb'ring swains, the rural Deities themselves, with envious eyes, behold the happy pair. They lived together to a good old age, and spent their days, like the famed *Baucis and Philemon*, in rural sports, in innocence and love.

F A B L E XXVI.

C H R O M I S and M N A S Y L U S.

C H R O M I S.

HOW cool this grotto is! What stately trees! How thick and verdant are the leaves! How gloomy are the walks! How sweetly *Philomela* tells her mournful tale!

M N A S Y L U S.

True, these are charms; but there are nobler objects still in view.

C H R O M I S.

What! those statues do you mean? For my part, I can see no beauty in them. How unpolished that first figure seems to be!

M N A S Y L U S.

'Tis the image of a beauty for all that. But no more on that topic. For a brother-swain, you know, has said all that can possibly be offered in its commendation.

C H R O M I S:

Then you mean that shepherdess, I presume, that bends over the fountain.

M N A S Y L U S.

No, no, nor that. Our *Lycidas* has tuned her praises on his rural pipe; and who shall after him presume to sing?

C H R O M I S.

Then you must certainly mean that young figure in the corner.

M N A S Y L U S.

M N A S Y L U S.

I do so.—If you observe, it has not that rural air as the other two have.—'Tis a Goddess, you must know. *Pomona*, or one of her attendants at least: in her right hand, she grasps a cornucopia, filled with autumnal fruits; in her left an urn, from whence, with a profuse hand, she scatters gold; possessed at once of the gay products of the earth, the wealth of nature, and those richer treasures which mankind adore.

C H R O M I S.

How she declines her head!—Is that an artful posture?

M N A S Y L U S.

Yes:—for all statues, if elevated high, to be surveyed below, stand in the fairest point of light, when they incline.

C H R O M I S.

But is not that head-dress something particular? None of our modern beauties ever dress so.

M N A S Y L U S.

That may be; but the air is very careless and becoming notwithstanding. How curiously some hairs are parted all before!—How gracefully some locks hang curling on each side; whilst a gay riband binds the rest behind!

C H R O M I S.

Your opinion of the drapery.—Why, pray, so many folds?

M N A S Y L U S.

Oh!—'tis à-la-négligée.—A girdle, you see, tucks up her gown, that she may trace the grove with greater freedom: the loose, flowing drapery is much more graceful than a formal dress.—One would almost imagine, that the statuary had softened the very marble, the plaits are so natural.—If you observe, there are some parts visibly naked thro' the veil. The softness of the flesh, added to

the beauty of the drapery, strikes the eye at once, and makes the whole a ravishing performance.

C H R O M I S.

Ho, ho ! I find your affect taste.—You talk like an artist.—But pray tell me, since you are such a critic, was that cornucopiae plucked by *Alcides* from the head of *Achelous*, or was it *Amalthea*'s, the famed nurse of *Jove* ?

M N A S Y L U S.

That's a question too curious to be resolved in a moment.—Besides, I must hasten to my flock. Adieu !

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C H A R A C T E R.

The S E L F - T O R M E N T O R.

WHY sits *Melantus* thus dejected and forlorn? No real, but imaginary ills torment him. His affairs move smoothly on; his friends all study to oblige him. Why then,—why puts he on this melancholy gloom? Last night he went to bed the darling of mankind; but when he rose, a trifle discomposed him; the morning low'red, and heavily brought on the day; all around him were in pain. Now his friends blush for shame. They must conceal him: his mind's all dark and gloomy, filled with imaginary fears. He sighs, and like an infant weeps; with horror like a lion roars. A melancholy cloud darkens his understanding: ink is not blacker than his thought. Talk not to him of any thing he values most in life; for what he so admires is in a moment the object of his scorn and hatred. His boon companions, who, but the day before, were favourite friends, are now grown tedious, and he resolves to shake them off forever. He seeks all occasions to contradict, to make complaints, to exasperate all about him; then frets that his resentments don't provoke them. Sometimes, with his clinched fists, he beats the empty air; as, with his goring horus,

the bull runs furious, and combats with the winds. When he wants a proper opportunity to rail at others, he directs his discourse to himself, blames his own ill-conduct, calls himself worthless coxcomb, sits down disconsolate, and takes it ill if you attempt to pity, or redress him. One moment he would be alone; the next, retirement is insupportable. He seeks his company again; again is churlish, and ill-natured. If they don't talk, their silence is affected and offensive. If they whisper, he listens with a jealous ear. If they discourse too loud, they talk too much, and are too gay and airy. If dull and pensive, he thinks it a tacit reflection on himself. If they laugh, he imagines that his conduct is the subject of their ridicule. What must be done?—Be as patient, as he is impertinent, and wait, in friendly hope, he'll be again to day, as prudent as he was the day before. This unaccountable humour ebbs and flows; when it affects him, it may properly be called the spring of a machine that will soon fall to pieces. Just so, we should describe a man, tormented with a devil; reason is turned the wrong side outward. 'Tis folly's master-piece. Make the experiment. You may persuade him that 'tis night, when the sun shines in his full glory; for night and day are equally the same to an imagination so ruffled and disturbed. Sometimes, he'll reflect with admiration on his excess of humour; and smile amidst his gloomy thoughts at his egregious flights. But how shall we prevent these outrages of nature, and allay the rising storm?—It is not in the power of art. We have no almanack extant to settle such precarious weather. Be cautious how you say, to-morrow we'll divert ourselves in such or such a garden; the man to-morrow is another creature. That which he engages to perform one moment, is the next forgot; 'tis to no purpose to remind him of his verbal promise. But instead, you'll

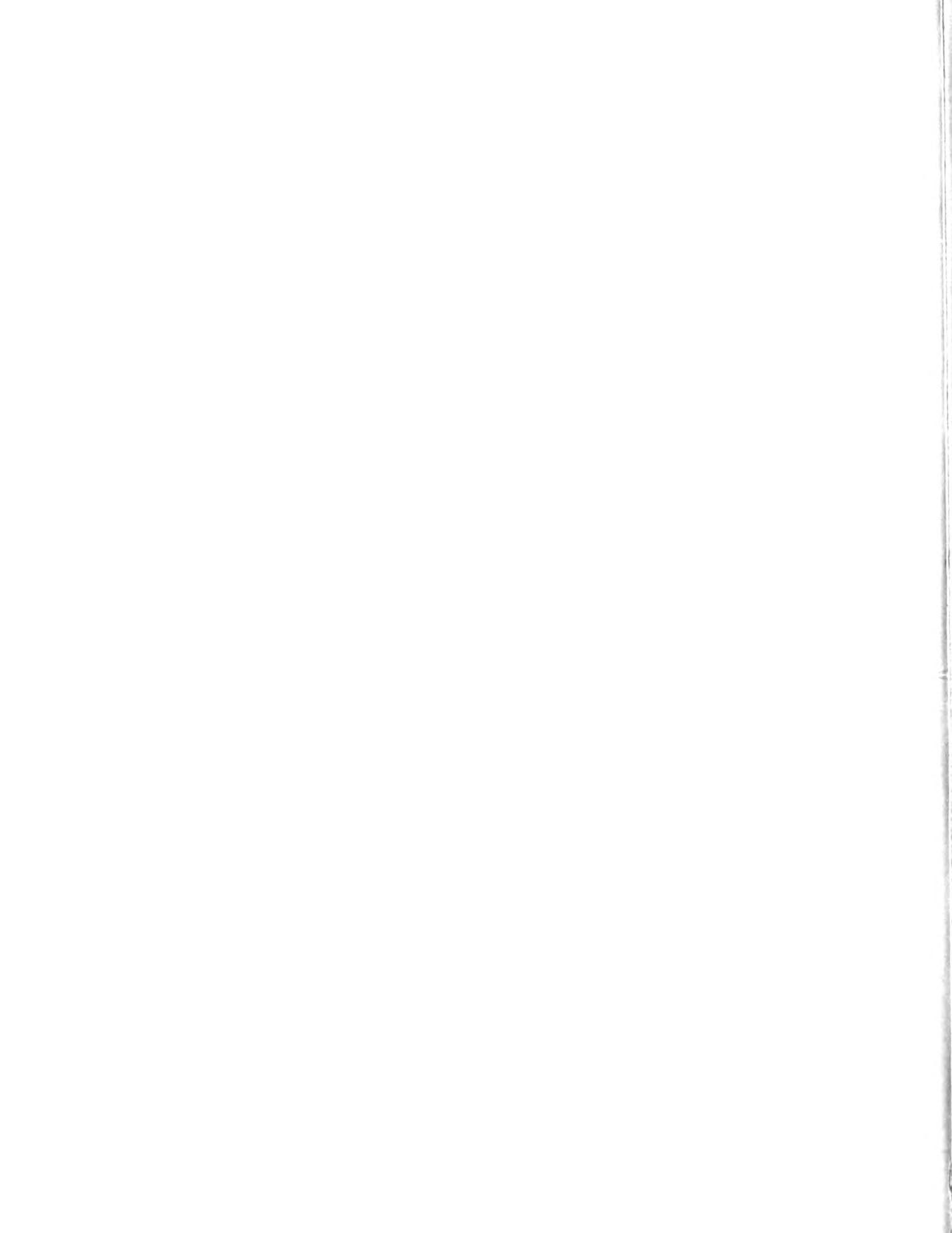
you'll find an unaccountable somewhat, which neither has, nor can have any proper name or form, and is impossible to be defined, like *Proteus* ever changing. Study him well; then pass your judgment. In a moment he'll be the same he was before. This fickle humour will, and will not; he plays the bully and the coward; mingles the most savage insults with the vilest and most low submissions. He plays the merry Andrew, weeps, smiles, and raves; and in those fits is most extravagant. He is diverting, florid, artificial, full of evasions, without one ray of reason. Never tell him he is not just, punctual, or a man of judgment: he'll surely take the advantage, and retort upon you. He'll resign his folly, and resume the man of sense, for the mere satisfaction of convincing you, that you are otherwise. Like a bubble, blown up in the air, his reason's in a moment lost, and never heard of more. He never knows the real cause of his displeasure; he only knows that he is, and will be displeased; nay, sometimes he scarce knows even that. He imagines oftentimes, that his friends who talk with him are warm; whilst he alone is cool. He's like a man afflicted with the jaundice, who fancies every object in his view is yellow; tho' that colour is only in his own eyes, and the effect of his distemper. However, are there no persons whom he peculiarly regards, who are his favourite friends?—No! his caprice yields to none; all feel the effects of it alike. He vents his passion on the first that comes; friends and foes are all the same, in case he can but gratify his humour. He'll cast his vile reflections on the very persons to whom he lies under the greatest obligations. He despises their friendship. They slight him, dun him, blast his character; he values no man living. I have patience but a moment, and the scene is changed. He thinks himself obliged to all mankind; he respects them; they regard him; he fawns and flatters; they, who before thought ill of him,

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are charmed with his address. He freely owns his accusations all unjust, laughs at his follies, and acts them in ridicule all o'er again so naturally, you'd think him in the wildest transports. After this farce is over, at his own expence, you might well imagine he'd never personate the humourist more.—Alas! you are deceived:—he will be mad as ever to-night in very purpose—to laugh his folly o'er again to-morrow.

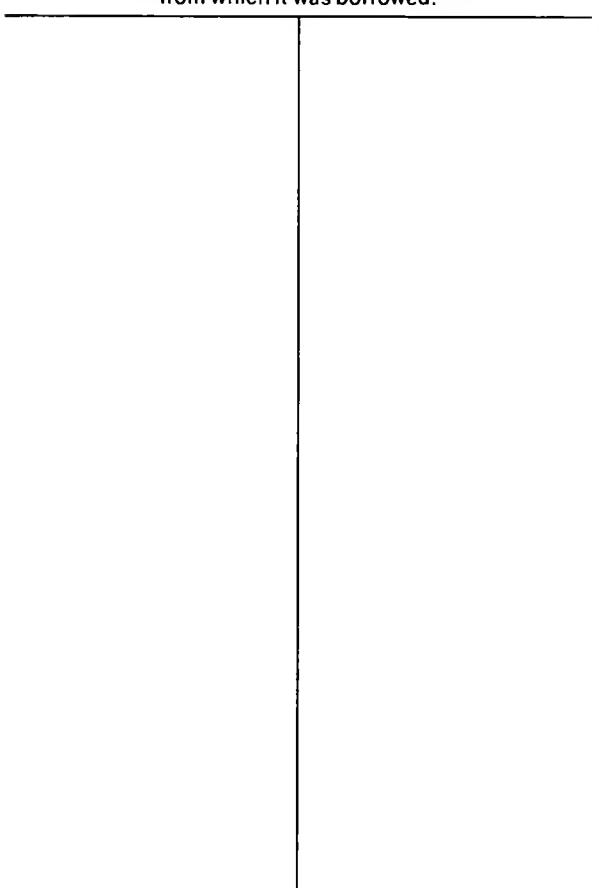








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